# Mr. Goebbels of Chicago

*The real story behind Col. Robert McCormick and his Tribune nightmares. By Barbara Giles.*


# NEW MASSES

APRIL 7, 1942 FIFTEEN CENTS


# WHEN WILL YOU SHUT THEM UP, MR. BIDDLE?

*The fifth and sixth column journals from Social Justice to the Saturday Evening Post. By the Editors*

## WHITEWASHING VICHY

*If it isn't appeasement, what is it? The State Department hasn't learned yet. By Joseph Starobin*

## LABOR'S SPRING DRIVE

*A Washington report by Bruce Minton*

## CONGRESS OF 3,000,000

*They came from all over America to ask for Earl Browder's freedom. By Benjamin Appel*


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# Between Ourselves

COMING next week—a John L. Spivak expose! Spivak has been doing some personal research into the personnel and propaganda of the KKK-type fifth column. He appears in the next issue with the first of two articles that include, among other things, revealing interviews with Imperial Wizard Colescott and Gerald L. K. Smith. We won't tell you any more now, though you will find a full advance description on the back cover.

Joseph North is away from the office gathering material for a series of articles that will begin in the next issue. They deal with America's war production, and North has started in New Jersey, from where his first report will come. From there he will proceed to other industrial centers, observing conditions, talking to labor leaders, factory workers, employers—in other words, doing the first-rate job of reporting for which he is famous. His subject, NM hardly needs to say, is close to the most important in America today.

SEVERAL days ago we went to a farewell party for James Dugan, speeding him on his way to camp. For two years or so Jimmie was a member of NM's editorial board, though he was best known for his movie column in these pages which had a large and ardent fan following. Most of us who worked in the office with him in those days are still here, and our hope is that he will have as good an effect on his fellow soldiers' spirits as he had on ours.

Soon after Dugan had departed we said good-bye to another NM contributor, William Allan of Detroit. A correspondent of the New York *Daily Worker,* Allan also sent us occasional articles from America's industrial center. His last two, published within the past few months, were "The KKK Invades Detroit" and "Detroit's Nightshirt Mayor." NM wishes Dugan and Allan godspeed —we are proud that they are fighting for convictions which they crusaded for so long as journalists.

NM editor Joseph Starobin will conduct a course in "World Politics: Areas of World Conflict" at the Workers School of New York, beginning April 15 and continuing for four sessions, on Wednesdays at seven PM. The school, which opens its spring term on April 13, is offering a wide range of subjects, with emphasis on studies that will better equip students in their support of the war. A number of courses are devoted to the war, and there is a selection of special lectures and lecturers on American labor history, the Jewish question, Marxism and the National Question, and so on. There are courses in the daytime as well as evening classes. For further information, readers may consult the Workers School at 35 East 12th St.

Also opening on April 13, the spring term of the Writers School, New York, offers classes in short stories, juvenile writing, non-fiction, journalism, radio writing, drama, and poetry. The school, which is conducted by the League of American Writers, has introduced an entirely new course—on the writing of pamphlets for defense. It will be conducted by Morris Watson, former international vice-president of the American Newspaper Guild and managing-producer of the Federal Theater's "Living Newspaper."

A MEMBER of our business staff reports two sentences overheard at a drugstore counter which he feels are as good a summary on Milton Mayer's anti-Semitic soundoff in the *Satevepost* as a column of comment. Said the speaker, evidently referring to the *Post's* editorial note that Mayer had as much, or more, scorn for gentiles as he had for Jews: "It says he hates people. In other words, he's nuts."

NM will answer the Cromwell million-dollar "libel" suit with an anti-Cliveden rally Sunday afternoon, April 12, at New York's Manhattan Center. "Closing down the magazine is my real desire," Mr. Cromwell has said—thereby stating the real issue, freedom of the press and national unity. This is the issue which will be discussed at the April 12 meeting, which is sponsored by outstanding trade unionists, educators, writers, artists, actors, and musicians. In addition to the speakers, Marc Blitzstein, Earl Robinson, and "Zero" Mostel, the new comedian at Cafe Society, will present a special program of entertainment. Tickets are thirty-five and sixty cents and can be obtained in advance at NM, Workers Bookshop (35 East 12th St.), and Bookfair (133 W. 44th).

Another date you should keep: Sunday, April 5, when NM holds its third Annual Art auction. There will be oils, watercolors, gouaches, silk screen, etchings—any medium you want and by the finest of America's living artists. These include Bill Gropper, Joe Jones, Raphael Soyer, Moses Soyer, Chet La More, Ben Shahn, Maurice Becker, Art Young, Harry Gottlieb, Elizabeth Olds, Soriano, Wanda Gag, Anton Refregier, Louis Lozowick, Burliuk, Chaim Gross, Isabel Bishop . . . more than we can begin to list here. The auction begins at 3 PM and will continue into the night. Artists and critics will be the auctioneers. Place: ACA Gallery, 26 West 8th St., NYC.

IT'S pleasant to discover that many owners of NM's Quiz Book, *What Do You Know?,* haven't stopped with securing the two new subscriptions which constitute the total price of the book. For one thing, some of them have found out for the first time that securing subs is not really a difficult matter—if they can get two, why not more? And the reasoning works. And some who have obtained subs before have told us that while they are glad to get the Quiz Book, they don't think it's really necessary as a spur to work for new subscriptions. Very likely it isn't; just the same we are pleased to be able to offer something besides a verbal thank-you to people who are helping to build the magazine by building its audience. The Quiz Book does that for us. To obtain a copy you simply send in two new subs to the magazine. The coupons on page 32 are for your convenience.

## Who's Who

COLONEL T. is the pseudonym of a well known military expert. . . . Benjamin Appel is the author of the forthcoming book *The Way Home,* to be published soon by Harcourt, Brace. . . . Millicent Lang is a graduate student specializing in contemporary literature. . . . Sally Alford is a book reviewer who lives in the Middle West. . . . Reginald Fowler is a musician and composer. . . . Elliott Grennard's music reviews have frequently appeared in NM.

CORRECTION: Through an error, the map accompanying Colonel T.'s article in last week's issue designated as "Russian" fortified zones certain areas which were meant to be labeled "German."

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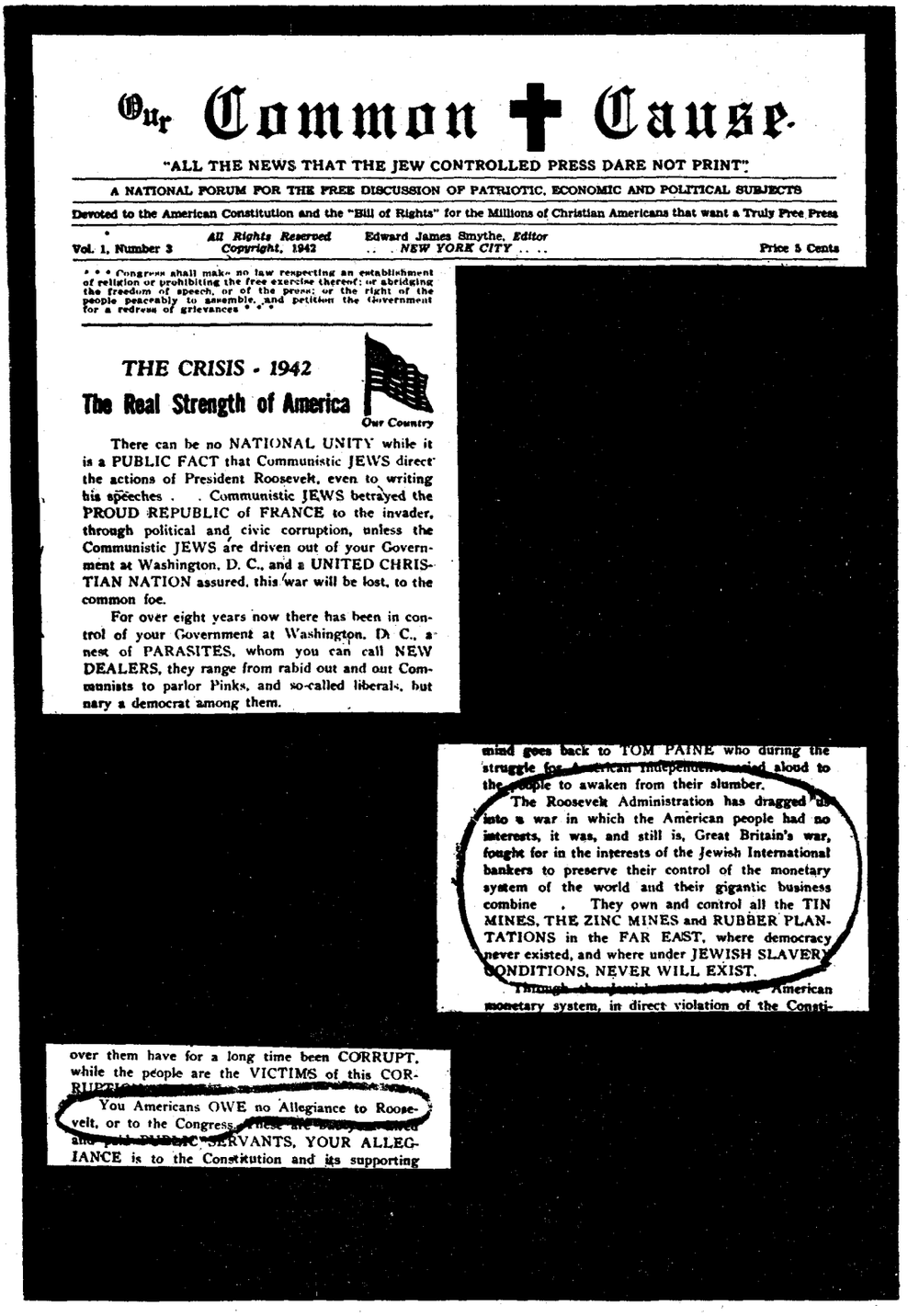
# WHEN WILL YOU SHUT THEM UP, MR. BIDDLE?



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Vol. 1, Number 3 — All Rights Reserved Copyright, 1942 — Edward James Smythe, Editor . . NEW YORK CITY . . . — Price 5 Cents

* * * Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and petition the Government for a redress of grievances * * *

THE CRISIS - 1942

The Real Strength of America

Our Country

There can be no NATIONAL UNITY while it is a PUBLIC FACT that Communistic JEWS direct the actions of President Roosevelt, even to writing his speeches . . Communistic JEWS betrayed the PROUD REPUBLIC of FRANCE to the invader, through political and civic corruption, unless the Communistic JEWS are driven out of your Government at Washington, D. C., and a UNITED CHRISTIAN NATION assured, this war will be lost, to the common foe.

For over eight years now there has been in control of your Government at Washington, D. C., a nest of PARASITES, whom you can call NEW DEALERS, they range from rabid out and out Communists to parlor Pinks, and so-called liberals, but nary a democrat among them.

mind goes back to TOM PAINE who during the struggle for American Independence cried aloud to the people to awaken from their slumber.

The Roosevelt Administration has dragged us into a war in which the American people had no interests, it was, and still is, Great Britain's war, fought for in the interests of the Jewish International bankers to preserve their control of the monetary system of the world and their gigantic business combine . . They own and control all the TIN MINES, THE ZINC MINES and RUBBER PLANTATIONS in the FAR EAST, where democracy never existed, and where under JEWISH SLAVERY CONDITIONS, NEVER WILL EXIST.

Through the [illegible] American monetary system, in direct violation of the Consti-

over them have for a long time been CORRUPT, while the people are the VICTIMS of this COR-

You Americans OWE no Allegiance to Roosevelt, or to the Congress. [illegible] SERVANTS, YOUR ALLEGIANCE is to the Constitution and its supporting

*Edward James Smythe is an old hand at the pro-fascist and anti-Semitic racket. He once ran an outfit known as the Protestant War Veterans, which had no members but plenty of cash. Last year John L. Spivak exposed him in New Masses as an America First speaker. The above is Smythe's latest contribution to the treason front.*

THE *Saturday Evening Post* last week took its stand with the obscene mob of Coughlin, Smith, Pelley, Smythe, and other purveyors of the poisonous Goebbels line. The *Post* did its Jew-baiting in more cultured accents, but the venom lacked nothing for being served on a china plate. And the use of a Jewish Quisling named Milton Mayer to do the job is a clever idea that Goebbels will envy. Here is what Mayer thinks of the 4,500,000 American Jews:

"They tried to adjust, this pitiful people who once were proud. They tried to look like, talk like, be like everyone else. They tried to lose themselves in the crowd, like men who have picked a pocket on a busy street. They resorted to every dodge known to fugitive criminals, from changing their names to changing their faces."

What contempt and malice there are in those words—words that Coughlin or any cheap Jew-baiting fascist might have used. No doubt those words—and they are typical of the entire article—are autobiographically accurate; they also accurately describe a handful of upper-crust renegade Jews who, like gentiles of the same stripe, are, above all, renegade Americans. But they are a gross libel on the overwhelming majority of Jews, who are useful, patriotic members of their communities. And after spitting on the Jewish people, the advice Mayer gives them is Hitler's own—back to the ghetto. He euphemizes the idea, to be sure, labels it "righteousness," sweetens it with biblical quotations, and envelops it in obscurantist mysticism, but what it all adds up to is separating the Jews from American life, ghettoizing them, denying them equality.

Moreover, it is not only the Jews whom Mayer libels, but the entire American nation when he writes that "they [the Jews] know that the postwar collapse will remind a bitter and bewildered nation that 'the Jews got us into the war.'" Those phrases, "postwar collapse," "a bitter and bewildered nation," give away Mayer's attitude toward America's war against the Axis. Is it only a coincidence that this comes from a person who turns out to have been close to the braintrusters of the America First Committee?

We agree with Ralph Ingersoll who wrote in the newspaper *PM* that the challenge of the *Saturday Evening Post* article "was not alone to Jew or gentile—its challenge was to the country as a whole, to America and



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all Americans." That challenge must be answered. We do not know whether the *Post,* by President Roosevelt's definition, belongs with the fifth columnists or the sixth. The magazine has played the appeasement tune so long that the distinction becomes academic. Certain it is that its anti-Semitic, anti-American article is a back-stab at national unity, aiding the forces that are working for the defeat and conquest of our country.

All this highlights a larger problem: the pro-Axis propaganda being spread by the star-spangled Hitlerites that infest our land. The treason mill has converted to a war basis, turning out sedition by the ton, trying to "soften up" the American people for the fate of France. Its leading operators are organizations like the Ku Klux Klan and men like Charles E. Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith, William Dudley Pelley, Edward James Smythe. (This is the same Smythe whom John L. Spivak last year exposed in NEW MASSES as a speaker for the America First Committee.) These men and others like them may or may not be on Hitler's payroll, but they do his work. They are the panzer divisions of the Cliveden set in the Nazi-Japanese spring offensive against America. And these enemy agents have influential allies in Congress. Their great favorite is, of course, Martin Dies; others who work with them are Senators Reynolds and Nye, and Representatives Day, Hoffman, and Woodruff.

What are we going to do about these fifth columnists? Until now the Department of Justice has pursued the policy of doing nothing on the mistaken theory that civil liberties require this country to give sanctuary to the would-be murderers of all liberty and of American independence. But one might as well provide constitutional protection to the bubonic plague. Last week Attorney General Biddle indicated that he was abandoning this suicidal policy and preparing to proceed against certain individuals and publications. This was followed by the arrest of George W. Christians, fuehrer of the Crusader White Shirts, and Rudolph Fahl of Denver on charges of spreading seditious propaganda in the armed forces. Let us hope that this marks the beginning of a real drive against the fifth column, and that before long not only the small fry, but the big fish—some of whom are publishers of newspapers and magazines with millions of readers—will be shut up or locked up.

THE EDITORS.

*The Saturday Evening Post is in fine company. At the top is reproduced the first paragraph of an article in the March 16 issue of Social Justice. The charge that the war is all a plot of the Jews against Germany is lifted, of course, from the speeches of Hitler and Goebbels. Father Coughlin's ex-pal, Gerald L. K. Smith, has also burst into print with a new magazine, The Cross and the Flag, which takes its stand against America.*

NATIONAL WEEKLY

**Social Justice**

*Founded 1936 by Father Coughlin*

Royal Oak, Michigan — March 16, 1942 — 10c

SOON nine years will have elapsed since a worldwide "sacred war" was declared on Germany not by the United States, not by Great Britain, not by France, not by any nation; but by the race of Jews.

Startling [illegible] statement is, it is sub-

THE CROSS AND THE FLAG

25

APRIL 1942

**WE TAKE OUR STAND**

—An Editorial

Who Started the War?

The Cliveden Set

Sir Stafford Cripps

Who Are President Roosevelt's Closest Advisers?

Free Breeder? Of Course Not

FOUNDED BY GERALD L. K. SMITH

**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D°: 1728 by Benj. Franklin

THE CASE AGAINST THE JEW By MILTON MAYER



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# MR. GOEBBELS OF CHICAGO

***Barbara Giles probes Col. Robert McCormick and his Chicago Tribune nightmares. Mastering the technique of the half-truth and the biggest lie. Among appeasement's chief publicists.***

*McCormick*

ON THE big colored maps in the Chicago *Tribune* there is still an America. This is Publisher McCormick's one concession to reality and it may not last long. If his cartographer reads the *Tribune,* he must know that America is fast sinking in madness and ruin. A "price control czar" named Henderson has taken over business, "doddering old men" have perpetrated a calamitous war which they conduct with "catastrophic blunders"; the Cabinet is "sagging," morale is terrible, and "Stalin Captures Washington." Some of this is on the editorial pages, some in the news columns. There isn't enough difference to matter. The Chicago *Tribune* is a personal projection of Col. Robert McCormick's nightmares, from page 1 to 32. So closely is it controlled and directed by the colonel that the whole thing sounds like a man talking (or screaming) to himself. For the colonel takes his nightmares seriously, as befits a man with money enough to impose them upon the consciousness of more than 1,000,000 people through a daily paper which circulates in six states. Others regard them seriously too. In Adolph's *Voelkischer Beobachter* and Benito's *Popolo di Roma* they admiringly quote his editorials; in Chicago good people have rotten-egged his office building and made public bonfires of his newspaper. The disparity between these two attitudes intensely annoys the colonel, who has tried to mend his opponents' manners by publicly calling them everything from "superannuates" to "jackals." He makes no comment on the Axis appreciation, which is flourishing.

Last December the colonel's world importance was marked in a singular way. One of the stories published in his paper was used as part basis for a declaration of war—on the United States. This was a story taken by a *Tribune* correspondent from uncompleted studies by the War Department and published in the *Tribune* of December 4, which revealed the projected total force of the US Army and spoke of a possible AEF in 1943. The next day Secretary of War Stimson denounced the printing of the story as the act of persons "so wanting in loyalty and patriotism" as to help the enemy by revealing military information. But the harm had already been done; not only was the story published, it was later broadcast to Europe, where it created a fine sword-shaking frenzy in the Axis press. And on December 11 Adolph Hitler, declaring war on the United States, claimed among other things that the Third Reich had "heard of an American plan to attack Germany by 1943."

Not that the colonel *wanted* a war with Hitler. Far from it—it is McCormick's story, and he's sticking to it, that Hitler isn't even a real enemy; that is, we are in a war against him but this is no time to fight it. Our "principal" foe is Japan; so throw everything we've got into that battle, and don't look now but the "Bolsheviks" are planning to sneak up on us some time or other so maybe we're helping the wrong side anyway. It's the old line from way before Munich and you can't expect Colonel McCormick to change his mind for a little thing like a Nazi declaration of war on America.

TO WORK such a line these days requires a terrific bucking of well known facts, but if anyone can do it, McCormick's the man. For nearly three decades the colonel has tried to impress on his staff that truth is not only stranger than fiction but less honorable. He has sometimes removed his foreign correspondents from the scene of action to avoid "censorship" of their creative efforts. Only under such an arrangement could Donald Day, the *Tribune's* authority on Moscow, once cable from Riga that twenty-two years of socialism had "made the Russians a runty race. Their stature has been reduced eight inches." When Riga became part of the USSR, Mr. Day fled to the friendly cafes of Helsinki and Stockholm, where "informed sources" recently whispered in his dreams that a peace between Russia and Germany was being negotiated. His cable to that effect was solemnly played up in the *Tribune* of March 9. Time was when few people would bother to answer Donald Day, but not now—not when distrust of an ally may lose us a war. In the Wilmington, Del., *Star* of March 15 there was a full-page ad (signed "A Delaware Patriot") exposing the *Tribune's* game, featuring Mr. Day's little hoax as proof of his boss' appeasement, and reminding the *Tribune* pretty vigorously that the dissemination of such propaganda in these times "is an act of treason."

However, don't imagine that an expose will deter the colonel, much less his Stockholm correspondent. For the past several months Donald Day has had little to do but re-fight the 1939-40 Finnish war with Russia, with pitiful little cables telling about Finnish civilians who walk on one foot because they stepped on land mines planted for Mannerheim's soldiers. He will be glad to get the headlines again. Besides, he is the *Tribune's* best-trained fiction writer. Some correspondents don't get the colonel's slant, and have to quit. Edmond Taylor, author of *The Strategy of Terror,* left when McCormick consistently threw away Taylor's dispatches from Paris because they contained information. Not so with Mr. Day—when his fancy grows tired he can always dig up a piece by a "professor of economics," no matter how obscure, whose fears about "Communists in the American labor movement" can be cabled from Helsinki to Chicago. The wonder is that the colonel employs any foreign correspondents at all. From his vantage point of farthest removal from the facts, he has been known to send



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such detailed instructions for a certain kind of story that his own cable constituted the story itself.

Under these circumstances, the *Tribune* is not bragging when it claims to print stories not found in other papers. Right now its front-page news deals largely with America, featuring such exclusive dispatches as "War May Rob Wee Folks of Rubber Pants." On the day after Pearl Harbor, McCormick hoisted the slogan, "Our country, right or wrong . . ." on the masthead just two inches below "the World's Greatest Newspaper." It was a magnanimous statement for the colonel, and he still prints it. The only trouble is that he can't see the country for the New Deal and, judging by the *Tribune,* the New Deal is worse than wrong, it's insane. Nothing else could explain the situation America is in now, a situation which hardly anyone but *Tribune* readers know about because a monster called NRA devoured Freedom of the Press when the latter tried to protect the right of little newsboys to work like grown men. The colonel, however, survived the monster—which makes his paper different. On March 6, according to most of the press, the big news was that the United Nations were desperately trying to hold Batavia, six Nazi spies had been convicted, and George Sylvester Viereck was pronounced guilty of false registry. On March 6 in the *Tribune* the big streamer head was: ALL TYPEWRITER SALES HALT! The lead story began: "Vital segments of the nation's war effort are being paralyzed by high government officials scheming to develop a planned state in this country along accepted Communist lines, Rep. Thomas D. Winter of Kansas charged. . . ."

IMPRESSIONS of McCormick himself must be derived largely from the *Tribune,* since the colonel is an "aloof" man, who doesn't mingle much with humanity. Few guests are invited to Wheaton, his 800-acre estate, and the colonel rides to work in a coupe just large enough for himself and bodyguard in order to avoid giving neighbors a lift. Almost his only diversion is polo, which enables him to display his horsemanship. The colonel dotes on horses, uniforms, and military accoutrements. When his wife, a portrait painter, died, he gave her a military funeral. A favorite story of *Tribune* employes concerns a barbecue that McCormick once gave at Wheaton for his advertising salesmen. The guests assembled, but there was no host. Finally a van drove up, the back was opened, and out rode Colonel McCormick on his horse. Without dismounting, he gravely shook hands with the guests, and trotted off to the polo field.

During the early years of the first world war, McCormick was sufficiently impressed by a *Tribune* reporter's articles on military commanders to discuss them with him. To do this properly he mounted his mechanical horse on the roof of the Tribune Building. There, booted and spurred, with whipcord breeches, English officer's jacket, and Sam Browne belt, he would practice polo shots while he talked solemnly as one military expert to another. Occasionally the reporter murmured "I think perhaps you are right." It was all he could say, since the articles had been rewritten from newspaper clips, adding nothing to the writer's own elementary knowledge although, apparently, plenty to McCormick's. The reporter was Burton Rascoe, who tells the story in his autobiography, *Before I Forget.* McCormick still has the mechanical horse and uses it during work hours. He has to ride it in civilian clothes, though, having been persuaded with considerable difficulty to cease wearing his uniform, resplendent with medals, for everyday work after the last war. The only uniforms at the *Tribune* now are those of McCormick's policemen. On the military side, however, there are machine guns—or were when the La Follette committee made its report on industrial violence. Perhaps the colonel expects to use them against the "Revolution" he anticipates any day. He has other protections—his bullet-proof coupe, bodyguards, and a secret, trick entrance to his office. In addition, there's Harry Jung, whose office in the Tribune Tower might be regarded by the colonel as a potential fortress. Jung, who is as nervous as McCormick about revolutions, specializes in organized anti-Semitic groups, and his Vigilant Intelligence Federation should comfort even a publisher who regards traveling union organizers as a "roving band."

To kid the colonel about his alarms is worse than useless. President Roosevelt once sent him a message, when the publisher was jittering about the NRA and the press: "Tell Bertie McCormick he's seeing things under the bed"—to which the colonel replied darkly that some people were able to see things under the bed because they were really there. The colonel should know: he, and he alone, has been able to see Revolution in America more than once already. It swept Rhode Island in 1934, when a party calling itself Democratic threw the Republicans out and captured the state. "The bar and the press are kept silent by a reign of terror," the colonel reported next day in an editorial reading Rhode Island out of the Union. On McCormick's orders a *Tribune* man ripped one star—presumably Rhode Island's—out of the American flag in the *Tribune* lobby. It was not replaced until someone on the colonel's staff remembered that mutilating the national flag was punishable by fine and imprisonment.

WORDS like "terror" and "dictatorship" are favorites in *Tribune* editorial lingo, which evokes a sardonic grin among people acquainted with McCormick's professional and personal attitudes. The colonel has been called "The Duke of Chicago" (a description he prefers to "greatest mind of the fourteenth century") and the title is regarded by many as inadequate. The few guests who do get to Wheaton have to conform to Eastern Standard instead of Chicago time, because the colonel prefers it that way. At the *Tribune* he runs the entire paper from his red-and-white marble desk on the twenty-fourth floor. In the morning he gathers his department heads around and soliloquizes to them, after which they work his whims and prejudices into the paper. If he is traveling, all editorials are wired to him for approval or revision. On New Year's Day the colonel permits his reporters to march past him, single file, and shake his hand. For the rest of the year he is shielded from contact with them by the department heads who transmit to them the chief's suggestions for front-page stories. His attitude concerning employes is patronzing but firm—it took only two firings to get across the colonel's idea that free medical care and wedding presents of flat silver are benefits that surpass anything offered by the Newspaper Guild.

In return for the patronage, reporters are expected to do "dirty stories." The phrase is their own and usually refers to McCormick's assignments. At present there's a concentration on stories that will rub America and America's allies in *Tribune* mud. Concerning Britain, for example, the colonel is bitter. It seems that the English don't realize that we are the "controlling partner" in an alliance with them—Churchill and Halifax are even dictating our own war effort. This poses rather a problem for McCormick, since it's his savage conviction that Franklin D. Roosevelt dictates *everything,* but he has solved it so far by having both Roosevelt and Churchill dictate it in more or less separate *Tribune* columns. His Washington correspondents help carry out the solution. It was a Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* who sent out a story that Halifax and Churchill had interviewed Supreme Court Justice Douglas for the job of coordinating American production and had turned him down. Another Washington dispatch, denounced by the President, had British officials in the capital running up fancy wine and food bills and charging them to lend-lease.

When the colonel does permit a little sunlight to shine from the capital, it invariably comes from Congress. Rather, it comes from a small group of "thoughtful members"—some of whom are almost unheard of outside of the *Tribune*—who "REVOLT AGAINST WAR BUNGLING" or provide fine, fat headlines like "STRIKES BLAMED FOR FAR EASTERN



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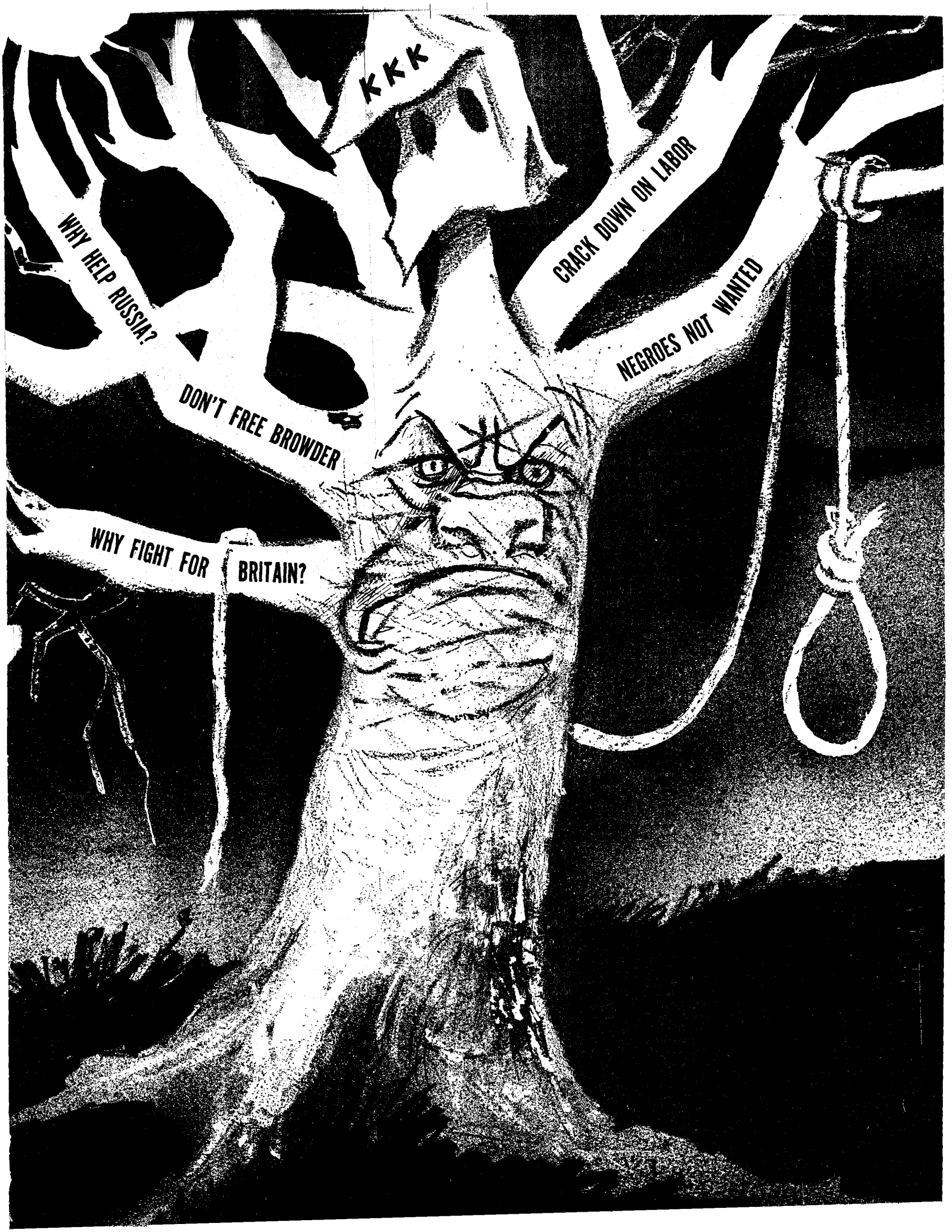


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LOSSES OF ALLIES." Ancient anti-New Deal cliches like "dole" or "dumping" still color the *Tribune's* news heads. Occasionally the paper will use a fairly straight Associated Press dispatch and then practically turn it upside down in the headline: on November 26 a Moscow communique was blazoned: "2,122,000 RUSSIAN SOLDIERS LOST SINCE WAR BEGAN—MOSCOW." Reading the whole story, you discover that 6,000,000 Germans had also been killed.

IT IS no secret that the *Tribune* lies. When caught, it preserves a haughty silence, and later repeats the falsehood. As recently as this past January it was still stating as fact a lie that had been exposed in 1936—that Moscow had ordered American Communists to vote for Roosevelt. When the story first appeared, the Chicago *Times* offered $5,000 if the *Tribune* could prove it—the *Tribune* didn't even try. After the La Follette committee had revealed, through a movie newsreel of the occurrence, that the Chicago Memorial Day massacre of 1937 was a massacre of peaceful strikers by armed police, the *Tribune* was the only paper to continue referring to the "Communist-inspired mob" and the "heroic police." During the investigation one of the *Tribune's* more objective headlines was: "SENATORS SNEER AS POLICE TELL OF CHICAGO RIOT; LA FOLLETTE AND THOMAS POOH-POOH HEROISM."

In addition to downright falsehoods, there are the distortions, misplaced emphasis, insinuations. These occur daily throughout the paper, leaving little space for real news. The colonel's crusades also get a hand in the comic strips and "Voice of the People," the *Tribune's* letter column. Little Orphan Annie, the Elsie Dinsmore of fascism, is a child of the Chicago Tribune Syndicate and a protege of infinitely wise, kind open-shoppers who are persecuted by "the mob," especially the labor leaders, who are all anarchistic. "Voice of the People" is largely taken with letters from men and women who are averse to signing their names. "Mother of a Son Fighting in the Pacific" writes in to demand that labor sacrifice its leaders to concentration camps for the duration. "Prospective Draftee" complains that Britons lead a gay life at our expense. A letter voicing the same opinion as a *Tribune* editorial, but often going a little further, can always be expected shortly after one of McCormick's major blasts. Once, indeed, the letter appeared the same day, with some remarkably similar phrasing.

Now and then an answer to McCormick gets printed in the *Tribune*. It appears in the form of facts that can't be kept completely out of news dispatches. The December 7 cables answered his querulous editorial of November 29, "War with Japan? Who Says So?" The war news daily answers his total falsehood, published in an editorial of November 19, that citizens of the Soviet Ukraine had "passively cast their lot with the invader" and the Red Army in that region was being "routed." There are other examples—but the colonel never loses faith in his ability to rise above facts and stare them down. He never apologizes or explains. In fact, he doesn't blush to contradict himself if it suits his purpose. Thus, while Japan is "our principal enemy," we can't dream of any war on the foreign front until we have licked the Nazi submarine menace, which has the United States in a "state of siege."

And when the colonel says siege he means siege. It's a constant mystery in the Tribune Tower how a man confident enough to abolish an entire state can suffer from so many panics. One answer is that there are so few people that the colonel can really trust. He's wary even about southern demagogues, since they're Democrats, not Republicans, although the *Tribune* often quotes them on the state of the nation and the colonel in general agrees with them. In fact, he closely resembles them in some respects. There is in *Tribune* editorials a hell-and-damnation-Suh tone reminiscent of nothing so much as the Old South of strong whiskey, horses, and guns. In 1921 the *Tribune* discovered that the "new" Klan was better than the old but the old had its points too—it had provided "one of the romantic episodes of our history." For while the colonel lives in fear of "violence" and "lawlessness," he can distinguish his friends from his enemies and there is violence and violence.

The *Tribune* itself, with the Chicago Hearst papers, has contributed a "romantic episode" to America that will never be forgotten. In 1911 the *Tribune* engaged in a circulation warfare with Hearst, conducted with shootings, sluggings, and gangsterism that gave birth to the armed underworld of Prohibition days and later. McCormick claims that his bodyguards and bullet-proof car are to protect him from the gangsters of today—which he has reason to fear. In 1930 a Chicago *Tribune* reporter, Jake Lingle, was slain by the underworld. The gangsters killed him, not for any *Tribune* crusade against lawlessness, but because Lingle had connections with Chicago's netherland that enabled him to ride to his lowly reporting job in a limousine. C. Wayland Brooks, assistant state's attorney, handled the case as discreetly as was possible under the circumstances, and later landed in the US Senate with *Tribune* support. One of McCormick's present crusades is to reelect him on his appeaser record.

Aside from the recently established pro-war *Sun,* the *Tribune* is Chicago's only morning newspaper and it dominates the Midwest. It is the "big" city paper, relied on by farmers and smalltown businessmen for weather forecasts and market reports. Bulky enough to be impressive, it offers a plentiful variety of features and columns to appeal to everybody. The front page, with its bold headlines and colored cartoon, catches the eye. These things, plus an extraordinary promotion budget and lusty, sometimes strong-arm circulation methods, help explain the *Tribune's* tremendous number of readers, although hatred of the paper is so intense that it has broken out twice in street demonstrations.

THE paper has a long and often inconsistent history, but it has been fairly constant in its hatred of labor. During the depression McCormick referred to the unemployed as the "idle"; his grandfather, Joseph Medill, called them "tramps" in 1897 and advised getting rid of them by putting "a little arsenic or strychnine" in their food. Medill instructed the staff to describe Eugene Debs in news stories as "Dictator Debs"—as the *Tribune* of today puts "Dictator" before the names of its pet hates. True, Joseph Medill supported Lincoln and the Union. However, he headed a delegation to the President to protest the draft, and Lincoln told him: "You, Medill, you are acting like a coward. . . . You can influence great masses, and yet you cry to be spared, at a moment when your cause is suffering."

Today, also, the *Tribune* is in a material position to influence great masses. It is anything but the "World's Greatest Newspaper" but it is certainly one of the richest and largest. The paper has its own radio station (WGN) and controls about forty percent of the Mutual Network. McCormick is vice-president of the New York *Daily News,* run by Cousin Joseph Patterson (who is vice-president of the Chicago *Tribune),* and the *News* has the largest circulation of any single paper in America. But it, like the *Tribune* and the Washington *Times Herald* (owned by "Cissie" Patterson, Joseph's sister), is vociferously anti-administration and pro-appeasement. Archibald MacLeish, in his Freedom House address of March 19, included among the enemies of the people: "The man who attempts, through his ownership of a powerful newspaper, to dictate the opinions of millions of Americans—the man who employs all the tricks and dodges of a paid propaganda to undermine the people's confidence in their leader, in a war, to infect their minds with suspicion of their desperately needed allies, to break down their will to fight. . . ." MacLeish named no names, but those who wear the cap know best how well it fits.

BARBARA GILES.



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# "I Have No Right To Be Out of a Job"

***An unemployed salesman sends New Masses a letter. The problem of thousands of white-collar workers. . . .***

*This letter from an unemployed white-collar worker deals with a problem which has been the stepchild of the production program: the plight of smaller business firms and of their thousands of laid-off employes who have been given no place in the war effort. It is a problem that urgently calls for solution both for the sake of enlarged production and for the sake of morale. A welcome step in this direction was taken last week when President Roosevelt issued an executive order under which the Army, Navy, and Maritime Commission may make or guarantee loans to provide working capital for smaller companies that are granted war contracts or subcontracts. The question still remains, however, whether enough is being done to spread contracts and subcontracts among these companies. The President's order should be supplemented by passage of the bill sponsored by the Senate Committee on Small Business which would authorize appointment of a special deputy to Chairman Donald Nelson of the War Production Board to deal with the problems of little business and would also authorize a smaller war plants corporation with $100,000,000 capital under the WPB.*

NEW MASSES *would appreciate readers' comment, particularly trade unionists', on Mr. Gordon's letter.—The Editors.*

DEAR EDITORS:

If you ask my last employer about me, he will tell you that I was released "through no fault of his own" or "due to conditions beyond our control." Probably he will use both phrases in his very decent desire to impress you with the fact that he didn't want to fire me. And in a narrow sense he is telling the truth. I'm a casualty from a priority schedule. I knock on the doors of my former competitors, I'm deferential to switchboard operators, I lean over the railings in the employment agencies with a keep-your-backbone stiff smile. And inside I'm stewing with anger and resentment and helplessness. Yes, and something deeper—there's a consuming sense of personal wrong-doing.

I have no right to be walking the streets looking for a job. Not today. That's a "luxury" reserved for peacetimes. Of course I cannot be held to account for the conditions which forced my firm to "lay off" practically all the salesmen, most of the executives, and a majority of the office staff. But I am totally unprepared to take my place on the production line, or in any job that will give me a chance to work to win the war. Right now I feel conscience-stricken that I did not learn a trade which would be useful now.

At a time like this when I and millions like me are ready to put all our energies into some job that will speed the defeat of the Axis, we face the soul-sickening prospect of joblessness, with all its anxieties. I've been out of a job before. I know the hunted, cringing, desperate moods that cripple a man's spirit. It was losing my job in 1930 that woke me up, helped me understand this world, turned me toward the labor and progressive movement. I am one of many white-collar workers who have battled the forces which condemn men to unemployment. Surely the most evil offspring of these forces is fascism itself. Today my whole world is fighting fascism. And I am out of a job!

Yes, it's ironic, bitter. But worse than that, it's dangerous. This frustration among small business people and white-collar



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men and women can be fruitful capital for some slick salesman of domestic fascism. I for one cannot forget that it was from this lower middle class stratum that Hitler recruited the storm-troopers. It is unpatriotic to permit unemployment. The war effort must not countenance it. And above all, national unity requires that the people for whom I am speaking be given the chance they want to contribute toward the fighting and not be left stagnating amidst the treacherous backwash of the Coughlins, the Vindicators, the Technocrats, or the Kluxers.

With all its machinery of trained personnel workers, and assuming all the good will in the world, I read in the papers that General Motors has been able to place only fifty percent of its office workers. Machinists, riveters, welders, laborers are streaming into the tank and plane and gun factories. How do these office workers in GM feel today?

TAKE the small retailers. I know their problems. I have been selling them goods for many years. The Dun & Bradstreet figures showed that at the end of the first year of the war program bankruptcies of small concerns had increased fifty percent over those of 1939. Wait a little longer and you will see the effects of rationing, of the discontinuing of many items these small retailers used to sell. Wait a short while and see what happens to the smaller independents when the big chains try to make up the lost volume on "hard goods" by going into new lines, into textiles and apparel.

Take the little manufacturer. You probably have seen the report of the Senate Committee to Study Problems of American Small Business. It makes depressing reading. "For many a small business this is the last stand. Everything, therefore, depends on prompt action by the chairman of the recently created War Production Board. If the new War Production Board plan fails, the wholesale bankruptcy of small business is certain." There is a peculiar character to some of these defenses of small business. Actually, as the report admits, "small business has been facing fearful odds in its struggle to survive in time of peace." Of the 2,758,000 small businesses in the United States, only 168,000 are manufacturing concerns. The Senate Committee on Small Business says that only 45,000 of all manufacturing concerns can possibly be given a part in war production. At present about 10,000 enterprises at most are participating in war contracts. The majority of businesses are retailers. As recently as 1935 there were forty-one percent of all retailers in the group doing under $5,000 a year in sales.

Now these small retailers, and many little manufacturers, are actually self-employed, with little or no help. I have been talking to some of these people, to salesmen, to clerks, to executives—and I see that their problems are very much the same. They are out of jobs or facing unemployment at a time when all the rest of the people are getting busier and busier. They see their incomes or savings dwindling at a time when prices are mounting. Some trade journals, like the *Daily News Record,* for example, are carrying stories about the salesmen who are plodding from one office to another, looking for jobs. Most business papers keep quiet about their own industries.

The plain fact is that the clerks and salesmen and managerial help who made the wheels go round when it was necessary to push products are unnecessary now when the demand exceeds the supply, or Uncle Sam becomes the sole customer. I'm talking about the Fuller Brush man and the Real Silk stocking man, about the stenographers and the haberdashers' salesmen, about the automobile agency men and the advertising copywriter, about the bank clerks and the finance company employes. These are a huge company, part of America's life.

I guess that a large part of them read the *Saturday Evening Post,* that they are the petty bourgeoisie, that many of them don't like trade unions, and mouth all the phrases about "government interference with business." But remember please that they are intelligent, curious, resourceful, and that they are loyal to most of what is fine and rich in American tradition. If they have been molded by forces not wholly democratic, remember how long it took American labor to break some of its shackles.

It's a shattering experience for a white-collar man to be out of a job today. All our lives we have moved in a world which distinguished between those who worked with their hands and those who were "brain workers." Of course the workers with brain were the superior breed. Almost everybody in America accepted this caste system for rating jobs. Now we are in a war which will be won by the nations who produce the most tanks and planes and armor plate and shells and guns. We need men and women at machines. Full-color spreads in the Mother's Day issue of *Life* or Dale Carnegie salesmanship aren't going to beat Hitler. We, the busiest people in the United States, we who did the talking for business, the clerks and managers and salesmen, we are shunted aside, we're out of the main current, we're useless.

You see that white-collar workers, small businessmen, and other middle class people joining the unemployed these days need retraining, reeducation, and new jobs.

I'VE been talking to some of the people who are concerned with this problem in the white-collar trade unions. They tell me that the primary problem is the conversion of industry to war production. The faster that takes place, the more quickly can workers be trained for new jobs. The tempo of conversion must be quickened, and thousands of both small and large shops must be involved. Quite likely it will be necessary to set up plants in many places where labor is available but industry is not. And possibly we shall have to see mass-planned shifting of workers from one area to another.

How many of the 10,000,000 white-collar and small business people are going to be jobless I do not venture to guess. Enough indications are already apparent to point to a sizable proportion. What is to be done with us when we find ourselves out of jobs? Even conversion of more shops and factories will not automatically absorb us. Of course, the typist in a silk underwear office can type forms in a plant producing machine guns. And the service station proprietor may be the mechanic some tank factory is looking for now. But what about the rest of us?

Clearly, organized labor has a role to play here. The Greater New York Industrial Union Council has set up a Committee on Conversion, Production, Retraining, and Unemployment. One specific proposal of this committee is that the New York Board of Education, for example, relax its restrictions on students admitted to the vocational training classes and accept workers with no previous experience on machines. Maybe labor will fight those who want to deprive the NYA of its equipment, by publicizing the plight of the white-collar workers.

As one of these workers who is part of the labor movement, I see here a great opportunity to win the respect, the understanding, the sympathy, and the support of an important and articulate section of America. I'm asking the labor movement to become the spokesman for the white-collar men and women, for the small business people.

I, and millions like me, have no *right* to be out of a job today.

JOSEPH T. GORDON.

New York City.



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# DO YOU AGREE?

Gerald L. K. Smith, former lieutenant of Huey Long and now one of America's leading fascists, agrees with James H. R. Cromwell, millionaire ex-minister to Canada and unsuccessful candidate for senator, that New Masses should be closed down. The first issue of Smith's new fifth column magazine, "The Cross and the Flag," publishes a defense of the Washington Cliveden set, whom New Masses exposed, and says concerning NM: "They ought to be locked up and put out of business."

Hitler and General Tojo would agree. But do you? Do the people of the United States agree that this anti-Axis magazine ought to be suppressed? This is the issue in the attacks by Messrs. Cromwell and Smith.

Cromwell is attempting to "sue to death" New Masses by bringing libel action for $1,000,000 damages. Even if he doesn't collect a cent, he hopes to involve us in such heavy legal expenses that we will be unable to continue.

This suit, coming at a time when we must raise $40,000 to cover our annual deficit, imposes a tremendous burden on us. Can we fight this battle to victory and at the same time raise the funds needed immediately to pay the bills for printing, paper, engraving, rent, etc.? YOU ALONE CAN GIVE THE ANSWER. YOU AND THOUSANDS LIKE YOU, INCLUDING THOSE WHO MAY NOT BE NEW MASSES READERS, MAY NOT EVEN AGREE WITH US ON SOME QUESTIONS, BUT WHO CHERISH FREEDOM OF THE PRESS AND ARE DETERMINED TO DEFEND IT.

Last week on press day things looked desperate. We needed $2,500 before we could go to press, but all we had on hand was less than $1,000. Fortunately, we managed to secure a $2,000 loan which had to be paid back by the end of the week. Two days later we had another stroke of luck: an anonymous friend sent us a contribution of $2,000 with a note: "More power to New Masses and less to the Cliveden set." This, together with other donations, brings the total received since the start of the drive to $5,423. We've a long way to go—and a short time in which to get there—to reach the $40,000 goal. You can help by:

1. Sending your contribution, big or little, today.
2. Calling or writing five friends and asking them to contribute at once.
3. Arranging a Freedom of the Press house party for the benefit of New Masses.

THE EDITORS

(Please fill out the coupon on page 26)

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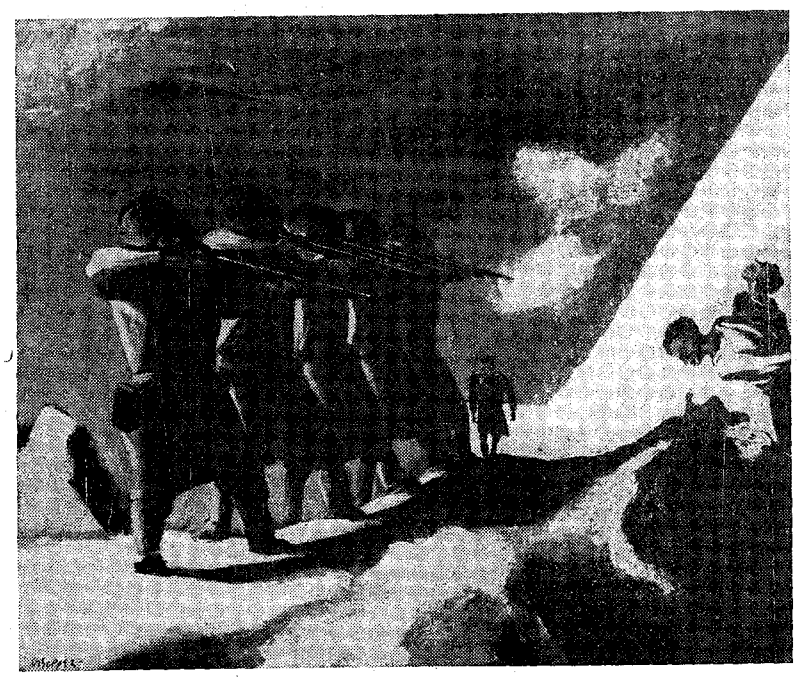
# GROPPER'S WAR PAINTINGS

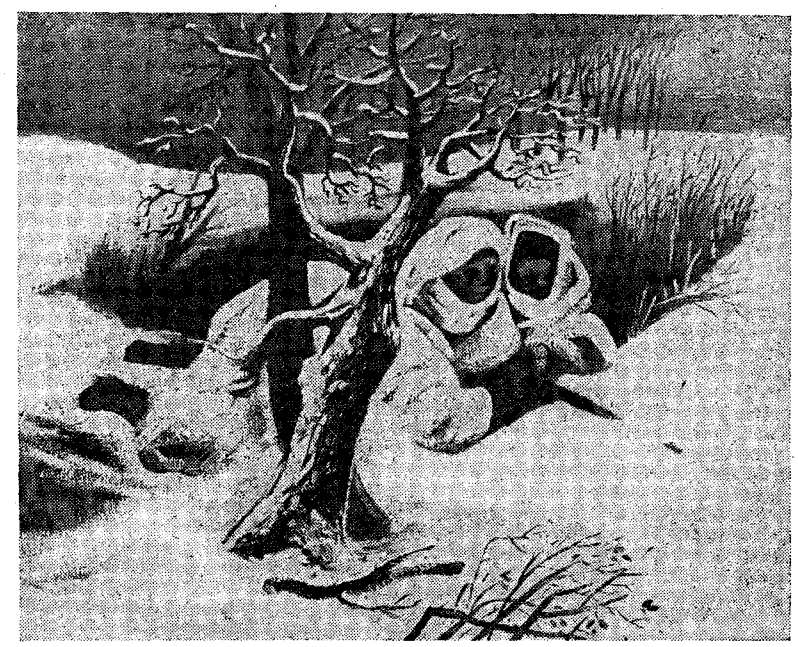
The exhibition of William Gropper's paintings for the benefit of Russian War Relief is accompanied by a special, illustrated catalogue. The show is free to the public at the ACA Gallery, 26 West Eighth Street, New York. It closes on April 18.

*The Invaders*



*The New Order*

*Pearl Harbor*



*(Above) Air Raid; (right) Behind the Lines*

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# WHITEWASHING VICHY

***Joseph Starobin discusses the Henri-Haye jinks in the State Department. If it isn't appeasement, what is it? The State Department hasn't learned yet.***

PEOPLE who were following the newspapers carefully on American policy toward Vichy must have said to themselves last week: "This is where we came in." Washington dispatches for March 27 say that Vichy has again promised to be good. The earth pauses for a moment in its appointed rounds, as the State Department humbly whispers: "Gee, Marshal Petain, thanks so much."

"The major issues which the new agreement disposes of include the previously disclosed assurances on the part of the government of Marshal Petain that it will not permit French possessions in the Western Hemisphere to be used as bases by the Axis powers; renewed assurances that the French fleet will not be allowed to pass into German hands; the stopping of shipments of food and trucks from France to Italian forces in Libya, and the cessation by the French of supplies of gasoline to the Axis forces in North Africa." This is the crux of the agreement, according to Wilfred Fleisher of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Of all the preposterous ignominies in the history of umbrella diplomacy, this takes the cake. Overlooking for the moment the assurances with regard to the fleet and the bases in the Western Hemisphere, consider the phrase "stopping of food and shipments of food and trucks from France to Italian forces in Libya," or the phrase "cessation by the French of supplies of gasoline to the Axis forces in North Africa"—this means that the Vichymen have been violating their neutrality all along, handing materials over to our enemy, despite the fact that the condition of our respect for their neutrality was that they would do no such thing. On February 16 Sumner Welles denied that "one pound" of goods sent from this country to North Africa had been used against the British in Libya. But once it is admitted that the French did turn over goods of their own to the Axis, how can we be sure, absolutely sure, that not "one pound" of this was ours? and how can we be sure that it was not the use of *our* goods that enabled them to turn *their* materials over to Hitler and Mussolini?

There is a "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma" here which has to be fathomed to the bottom. What is the State Department after, that it is willing, for the sake of Vichy's friendship, to mystify the American people? How did the United States ever get itself into a position where a gang of second-story men from Vichy are able to get away with what they have for so long?

Suppose we begin with the clearest and most authentic formulation of American policy that exists. It was given by President Roosevelt in his appeal to the French people on May 15, 1941, less than a year ago. "The policy of this government in its relations with the French Republic has been based upon the terms of the armistice between Germany and France, and upon recognition of certain clear limitations imposed upon the French government by this armistice."

We can hardly believe, says Mr. Roosevelt, "that the present government of France could be brought to lend itself to a plan of voluntary alliance, implied or otherwise, which would apparently deliver up France, and its colonial empire, including the French African colonies and their Atlantic coasts . . . to a military power whose central and fundamental policy calls for the utter destruction of liberty, freedom, and popular institutions everywhere." This would menace the peace and "safety of the Western Hemisphere." And, the President added, "the people of France, who cherish still the ideals of liberty and free institutions . . . can be counted upon to hold out for these principles until the moment comes for their reestablishment."

This policy has been justified on the grounds that it "gained time." Britain's position was difficult, de Gaulle was not yet a potent force, the United States wasn't in the war. One commentator has called our diplomacy a "delaying action." Of course it is worth remembering that Hitler has been gaining time—and other things—also. The division of France into occupied and unoccupied zones was one of his clever tricks to maintain the illusion of an "independent" France, "collaborating of its own free will" with a "magnanimous" Germany. It has helped Hitler confuse Frenchmen and Germans alike. Second, it is worth remembering that the chief factor preventing or delaying full collaboration with the Axis, if such can really be considered as having happened, is the resistance of the French people to both Hitler and Petain. So the test of our policy is whether it has strengthened this people's resistance or not. But just for the sake of the discussion, suppose we grant that democrats sometimes have to carry through a delaying action until they are strong enough to take the offensive, to control the situation instead of being controlled by it. Whether such a policy becomes appeasement depends on the character of the agreement as well as whether you actually keep the other side to the agreement. It depends on whether you actually clear away barriers to your own offensive. Gaining time is one thing; sympathizing with and strengthening the fascists while you weaken yourself is another. Just to see how this has really worked out, let's reexamine the assumptions of the President's statement above.

FIRST, that the responsibility for keeping within the terms of the armistice, holding on to the empire and the French fleet lies with Marshal Petain; it is the price of our recognition of his government. Second, that if he violates this mutual trust, American policy loses its base, loses its purpose. Third, that the integrity of the empire, especially where it touches the Atlantic, is considered vital to the "peace and safety of the whole Hemisphere." Fourth, that we rely not only on Vichy, but on the French people, who can be counted on to hold out for their principles (and ours) until the day of their deliverance. Fifth, that we shall speed the day of their deliverance; when we are strong enough we shall deal directly with them, and not their traducers.

HOW has this policy worked out? In June of last year came the crisis over Syria, a highly strategic colony of the French empire. On June 14 Cordell Hull issued a

## How Frenchmen Feel

ONE of the questions that always comes up in talking about American policy toward Vichy is how the French people feel about it. The answer has now been conclusively supplied by the example of St. Pierre and Miquelon, those two small islands off the coast of Newfoundland which rallied to Free France last Christmas. A little item in last week's news says that 187 islanders arrived in London last week to fight against Hitler. Now there were less than 1,000 able-bodied men on both islands to begin with. About 150 had escaped to join de Gaulle before Christmas; now 187 more have arrived in London, which makes a proportion of more than one-third of the whole able-bodied male population. Is better proof needed of how the French people would rally to our cause, if the United States threw its full weight against Vichy?



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blast against Vichy. "The original scheme of the Darlan-Laval group to deliver France politically, economically, socially, and militarily to Hitler now seems to have come out into the open," he declared. Vichy was accused of transgressing the armistice terms by permitting Nazi planes to be based in Syria, whereupon the British moved in, and Vichy lost control. The United States supported the move. And by this act, it admitted that the policy of May 15 had failed. And the proof of its failure lay in the fact that it had to be superseded by force, forceful action which we supported.

On August 3 Sumner Welles delivered a scorching rebuke to Vichy in connection with Indo-China. The Vichymen had just handed that area over to Japan and, as we know now, this proved of tremendous value in Japan's subsequent assault upon us and our allies. "France has now . . . decided to permit, foreign troops to enter an integral part of the empire," said the Undersecretary of State ". . . to prepare operations within French territory which may be directed against other peoples friendly to the people of France." Again the President's policy of May 15 had been violated. But for all his bitterness, Mr. Welles permitted himself only to "question whether the French government at Vichy in fact proposes to maintain its declared policy." Rather mild and tolerant for so grave an issue.

ALL LAST summer and autumn shipments of American oil and foodstuffs continued to flow to North Africa, where General Weygand was still stationed, allegedly a protector of that region from Germany. Until, on November 20, General Weygand was withdrawn. And in a rather desperate anger the United States withdrew permission for licenses of foodstuffs and oil to North Africa.

This was, however, such a blow to our policy that at last we were forced to acknowledge the existence of General de Gaulle. The British government had given its full recognition in September; so had the Soviet Union. But we confined ourselves only to "lend-lease" aid. On November 24 it was announced that the President "hereby finds the defense of any territory under the control of the French Volunteer Forces (Free French) vital to the defense of the United States."

On the face of it, this looked like the United States was trying to have its cake and eat it, too. On the one hand, we wanted Vichy's empire preserved and maintained within the armistice; on the other, we were prepared to extend "lend-lease" assistance wherever the Free French Volunteer Forces established themselves at the expense of Vichy's control. Sooner or later a situation would arise in which we would have to choose between support for Vichy, or de Gaulle.

Sure enough, on Christmas Eve the Free French naval forces steamed into St. Pierre and Miquelon, off Newfoundland. They were greeted by the French people, the people we knew could be "counted on to hold out."

The State Department was now caught in its own contradiction, and issued an acid declaration, the most interesting phrase of which was that the Free French had acted "without prior consent or knowledge in any sense of the United States government." Much to the nation's amazement, it was suggested that the Free French withdraw. In other words, whereas in May the responsibility of maintaining the integrity of the French empire rested on Marshal Petain, by December the State Department was considering *itself* responsible for maintaining the French empire, even as against the Free French!

Mr. Welles was now compelled to gain time—not so much against Vichy—as against the American people. And finally, on February 13, he quietly declared that St. Pierre and Miquelon would not be disturbed.

BY NOW, we were at war. So that if French colonies on the Atlantic were of vital importance to us the spring before, by now all of the possessions of France became of even greater importance. And to be sure, there were French possessions in the Pacific—one group, New Caledonia, Tahiti, and the Society Islands on the route to Australia, and another in the Indian Ocean, the island of Madagascar, which commands our only remaining sea-channel to the vital regions of Persia, the Red Sea, and India. Fortunately, the Free French controlled the islands en route to Australia and so the United States extended recognition to them, by a special agreement about a month ago.

But, as might have been expected from the way the story goes, Madagascar is controlled by Vichy. And there have been half a dozen dispatches rumoring that the Japanese are trying to repeat the Indo-China performance, to gain bases, if not actual control, over this vital possession. Vichy's Ambassador Henri-Haye has denied this, of course. Mr. Welles professes no knowledge of the reports. But clearly our distraught policy toward Vichy will soon face another test: either Indo-China, all over again, a major disaster, or another St. Pierre incident, a major embarrassment.

Early in February our British allies charged that Vichy had assisted the fascist drive in Libya, implying that some of the materials transferred to the Axis might have come from the United States. Mr. Welles investigated and found no truth in this charge. On March 9 came a dispatch from the official agency of another major ally, the Soviet Union. It was charged that Vichy has turned over some forty ships to the Nazis, that the *Dunquerque* (which recently left North Africa for Toulon ostensibly for repairs) will soon be manned by specially selected Nazi crews. Again, Mr. Welles professed no knowledge of the report. And now comes the revelation that the State Department has been negotiating with Vichy again. And again Marshal Petain trots out all the promises which have already been broken. And Sumner Welles is apparently thankful that at least Petain is not demanding the cancellation of the Louisiana Purchase.

SOME QUERIES are therefore in order. The assumption of our original policy was that we were counting on the French people to hold on until we grew stronger. Today Great Britain is our ally. De Gaulle is strong enough for us to have acknowledged his rule. The Soviet Union is on our side, and the peoples of Europe are fighting day in and day out against our enemies. How much longer do they have to wait? Do we strengthen the French people's resistance to fascism, or weaken it by recognizing Petain?

Second, has not the status quo of the Vichy government's control of the French empire actually become a barrier to our own strategy? Today, the issue is one of taking the offensive, of opening a front in Europe. Our Soviet ally has several times asked this of us; so have powerful forces in Britain. But our policy toward Vichy stands in the way.

Third, isn't this policy of gaining time something of a time-bomb which may explode in our faces any day? Hitler has promised us an all-out drive to win the war this summer. Whom will we have to thank on the day when the French fleet, manned by Nazi officers, moves through Gibraltar, the day when the Japanese take over Madagascar and cut our supply routes to the Middle East and Russia, the day when the Axis strikes at the Panama Canal from Martinique, the day when Latin America steps away from collaboration with us because France has opened the Atlantic to Hitler?

Fourth, haven't the American people the right to suspect by now that the men who are carrying this policy through in the State Department are no longer trying to gain time to defeat Petain, but are actually using time in the hope of preserving Marshal Petain, in the hope of preserving those social relations in France for which Marshal Petain stands? This week's newspapers report that Vichy has bought the late Charles E. Mitchell's mansion at 934 Fifth Avenue, New York, to be used as its consulate. Vichy seems to look forward to a long and sure future in this country. Who in the State Department gives the Vichymen that assurance?

JOSEPH STAROBIN.



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WATCH on the POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

# MAKE THEM WORK FOR US

***Idle machines work for Hitler. The CIO turns the spotlight on plant equipment allowed to gather cobwebs. What a certain Mr. Bard of the Navy Department is up to.***

*Washington.*

THE extraordinary conference of the CIO and the meeting of its executive board provided the big news last week in Washington. What was striking, to my mind, was the amount of self-criticism heard over tables in small restaurants and in the corridors of the National Press Building where the conference took place. One note predominated: for too long, labor has allowed the enemies of the war effort to maintain the offensive. Now is the time for labor to seize the initiative, to push ahead despite all obstacles for the full prosecution of the anti-fascist war.

Several of the speeches at the conference reflected this offensive-mindedness. In particular, Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers insisted that no longer can unions wait for their plans to win official acceptance. No longer can the unions hold back until they get the go-ahead signal from management. From now on, labor must use all its ingenuity to force production levels ever higher. Reuther waved a brightly colored sticker in the air. On it were printed the words: "This machine is working for Hitler." From now on, Reuther promised, these stickers will be pasted on every idle machine in the automobile plants. The UAW will demand that Army and Navy officials come to Detroit and to other automotive centers to inspect the plants. There they can see for themselves the machines that are not producing, spotlighted, as it were, by the tell-tale stickers. And, Reuther concluded, amid vehement applause, this type of offensive will in short order convince certain automobile manufacturers that machines formerly allowed to gather cobwebs can be used in some way.

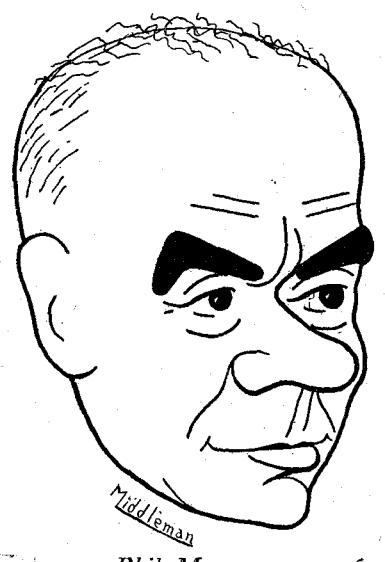
Or, said Reuther, take another instance. According to some manufacturers, certain machines are too precise, too specialized for conversion. Let's grant that these machines can't be used in America. Then let them be shipped to America's allies abroad, where they will undoubtedly be converted for war production. Once manufacturers are threatened with loss of these fine machines, they will suddenly change their minds, and discover many methods to adapt these "specialized" tools to present needs.

OTHER delegates offered similar proposals. One fellow, over a plate of spaghetti, remarked: "Every time some particular industrialist finds 'reasons' for not getting on with the war effort, every time there is stalling on production, the unions should meet such resistance with the challenge: 'Look. This can't go on. We're going to buy space in the local newspaper and in the Washington press to state our side of the case. We'll let the public know the situation. If that doesn't work, we'll demand an investigation, handing over all the facts we have to, say, the Truman committee.' You watch the stubborn boys jump if we go after them like that."

Harry Bridges, at the extraordinary session, offered another example of union initiative. He reported that on the West Coast his union understood the issue as first and foremost to win the war. So the longshore and warehouse union officials went to the men and explained: Of course, to win the war means "speed-up," getting the most out of every minute and out of every machine. Every one of you knows what speed-up means. But speed-up in wartime differs from speed-up in the old days of peace. Every fundamental right the union has struggled to maintain for the past years, every right each one of us values, is dependent on victory. The workers responded to this presentation by loading ships faster and more efficiently than ever before. From the initial understanding came a West Coast committee on maritime problems, composed of two management spokesmen, two union representatives, and Dean Wayne Morse for the government. The workers pledged full confidence in the union committeemen, and agreed to abide by all committee decisions. And the existence of the committee, which can protect the workers from abuse and see to it that production continually improves, is largely due to the initiative the union displayed in the first place.

The United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers illustrated dramatically how to seize the initiative. Just before noon on Tuesday, the CIO executive waived double time pay for Sundays and holidays, time-and-a-half for Saturdays. By four o'clock the same afternoon UE locals in General Electric had met and ratified this policy. By evening leaflets stating the UE position were distributed. Wednesday morning the New York *Times* carried a three-column advertisement based on the leaflet, containing a positive, unequivocal offer to management. Thursday morning the Washington *Post* carried a full page statement. As the union declared, "The military situation, nationally and internationally, is such that the great contributions we have already made must be rapidly increased still more, if our country and its allies are to turn the tide of battle."

Some delegates, in their zeal to prosecute the war, tended to lose sight of reality. Carried away by enthusiasm, they were inclined to pooh-pooh the present congressional attack on the labor movement. At this point Pres. Philip Murray stepped



*Phil Murray*



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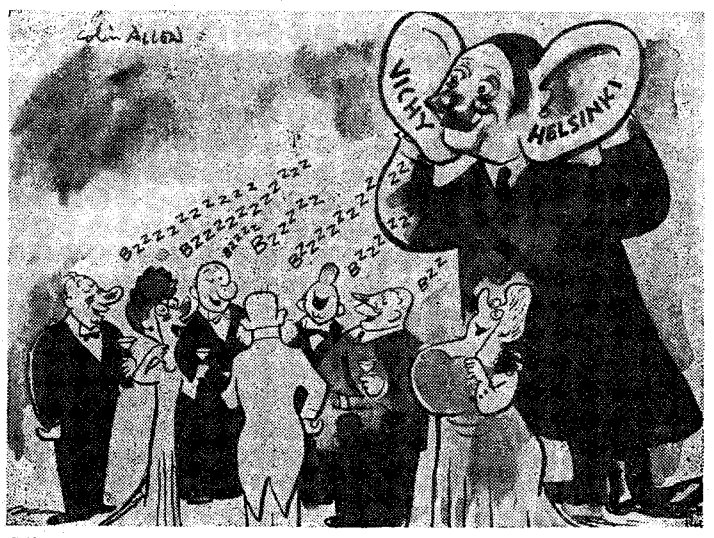

Colin Allen
VICHY
HELSINKI
BZZZ

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

# AFTER SEVEN CENTURIES

***On the anniversary of Alexander Nevsky's annihilation of the Teutonic Knights. Once again the "hollow trapeze" encircles the "pig's snout."***

APRIL 5 marks the 700th anniversary of the great defeat administered by the Russians to the Teutonic Knights on the ice of Lake Peipus. The anniversary is heightened by the fact that the same adversaries are now fighting on the same historic grounds.

The beginning of the 12th century saw the merger of the Livonian Order of Knights and the Order of the Knights of the Sword into the Teutonic Order with headquarters in Riga. These knights spoke of themselves as the carriers of Christianity and culture to the "wild Slavs" in the East. Actually, they were nothing but the armed spearhead of German plans of conquest, robbery, enslavement, and rape.

A few years ago Hitler announced his intention of seeking land in the Soviet Union, saying that "We shall have to follow the same road along which marched the knights of our Orders." The Nazis glorify two of the Grand Masters of the Teutonic Order—von Balk and von Plettenberg. As a matter of fact both of them were crushingly defeated by the Russians, the former in 1242, the latter in 1501. After that for over four centuries German arms did not venture on Russian soil.

The great Russian city and center of a rich dukedom, Novgorod was the object of the Germanic aggression 700 years ago. Around Novgorod clustered other cities—Pskov, Luga, Rzhev, Izborsk, Staraya Russa. They were considered Novgorod's "younger brothers."

At that time a man by the name of Alexander Yaroslavich was duke (or prince) of Novgorod. Two years earlier, in 1240, he had defeated the Swedish aggressors on the bank of the Neva River and received the surname "Nevsky" (of the Neva).

At that time the Germans had attacked the dukedom of Novgorod and had captured Pskov (due to the treachery of an early "fifth columnist"—the Russian governor of the city) and most of the territory between Lakes Ilmen and Peipus. The behavior of the Knights is faithfully reflected in the dispatches from the conquered countries of Europe today.

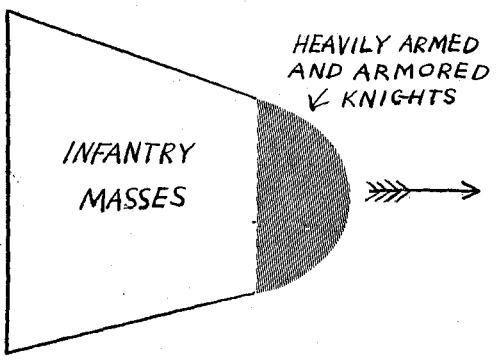
In those days the fighting forces of a country consisted of two distinct parts—the professional, heavily armed troops, and the popular levies. The former formed the spearheads, the latter, the mass.

German battle tactics were based on the classical formation of the "wedge," or the "pig's snout," as the Russians called it. A sharp trapeze was formed, with the heavily armored mounted knights in front and the rest of the troops following behind. The main objective was to break through the enemy formation.

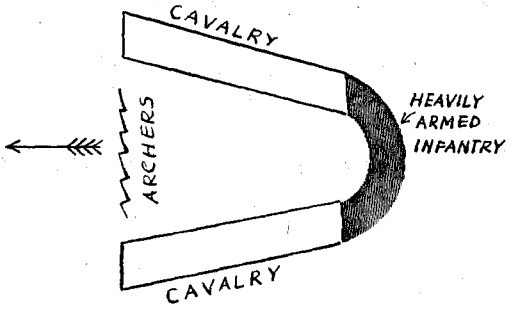
Alexander adopted the tactics of a hollow trapeze, with a holding force in the center to take the shock of the "snout" and powerful striking forces on the flanks to cut off the knights from their mass and to destroy both by double envelopment. Here we have the "ancestors" of the modern panzer breakthrough and the pincers.

Alexander's strategy consisted in seeking out the enemy and taking the initiative from them. His plan called for the delivery of short blows on secondary sectors in order to paralyze the will of the enemy, then for a massive blow at his main force.

A series of maneuvers in the area between the two great lakes during 1241 netted Alexander the recapture of Pskov and of several other towns. But the general engagement was to occur in the spring of 1242.




*"Pig's Snout" formation*




*Nevsky's Hollow Trapeze*

It was early April. The ice on the lakes was still pretty strong. On April 5 the scouts of the Army of Novgorod saw the approaching Army of the Knights. The "pig's snout" was advancing across the ice of Lake Peipus like a mass of shining steel. Alexander disposed his troops in a hollow trapeze. The Novgorod archers let go their volleys at the enemy and this forced the flanks of the "snout" to edge closer to the center. The two wings of the Novgorodian Army (mostly cavalry), covered by the "fire" of detachments of archers attacked the German flanks. They cut the Knights off from their mass support and completely disrupted their battle order. Alexander had ordered his commanders on the flanks not to hurry, but to wait "until the pig was good and stuck" in the hollow trapeze.

The ice became soaked with blood. It cracked and began giving way under the weight of a couple of score thousand frenzied men and horses. The German Knights broke and fled westward across the lake with the Russians in hot pursuit. Many on both sides were sucked under the ice and drowned. But the aggressor was completely defeated and annihilated. More than 500 Knights were found dead. Fifty were taken prisoners and later "exchanged for soap."

FROM a purely military point of view, Alexander's operations present the following interesting points:

(1) He acted quickly, with decision, always correctly appraising the situation.

(2) Alexander always acted carefully. When necessary, he knew how to adopt a defensive strategy.

(3) From a tactical viewpoint his hollow trapeze was the best possible answer to the German armored wedge.

Seven hundred years have passed. Arms, means, and methods of warfare have radically changed. But still the "snout" and the "hollow" have their exact counterpart on the snowy plain between Lakes Ilmen and Peipus. This anniversary and the battle it commemorates are being remembered and pondered not only by the Russians, but by all those who are in this fight with them.



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# CONGRESS OF 3,000,000

***They came from all over America to ask for Earl Browder's freedom. "The watchword now is action. The password is together." A report by Benjamin Appel. Illustrated by Soriano.***

GEOGRAPHY:—Manhattan is an island bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the west, north, and south by the continent. Manhattan Center, the building that housed the Free Browder Congress, is bounded on the east by huge department stores, on the west by the Hudson River with its long fingering piers, on the north by the hurdy-gurdy of Times Square, on the south by the slums of Chelsea. Still further south at the tip of the island, the towers of Wall Street like feudal castles look out across the harbor at the Statue of Liberty.

This is one kind of geography. There is still another kind. The day before the opening of the Free Browder Congress, the newspapers of New York City headlined the news that Standard Oil of New Jersey was linked by elastic rubber patents to the I. G. Farbenindustrie of Naziland. In brief and in short, a powerful American corporation was bounded east, west, north, and south by business-as-usual. This is not too surprising. The rulers of Standard Oil and the rulers of Nazi industry both learned their geography in the same school of economics. Is there a war going on between the United Nations and the Axis, a war between democracy and fascism, a war on all the seas, on all the continents? Perhaps there is. Perhaps American lives have been destroyed by Nazi subs. Perhaps, perhaps. But a great corporation and a corporative fascist state have their own special geography.

Earl Browder has spent over one year in jail on a technical passport violation.

*Sights in the neighborhood:*—Manhattan Center is on one of the important crossroads of New York City. On the east corner a cop in blue watches the delegates crossing Eighth Avenue. The two brass buttons on his half-belt shine like two bright but blind eyes. American flags fly from the Hotel New Yorker on the west corner. One of the flags is red-bordered with forty-eight blue stars on a white field. Each of the stars represents the home state of some of the delegates. One of the stars stands for Kansas, the birthplace of Earl Browder. One of the stars stands for Georgia where he is imprisoned. A street banner flies across Eighth Avenue. It has been put up by the Give to the Greater New York Fund. The top slogan reads: KEEP THE HOME FRONT STRONG. And suddenly, the huge stone letters carved on the post office a block or so down, also add their meaningful commentary on the men and women who have journeyed from all over the nation to attend this Congress. The stone letters read: *Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.*

*The delegates:*—Between two streamers at opposite ends of the Manhattan Center Ballroom, the delegates have begun to gather. One streamer says: FREE EARL BROWDER; the second, BATTLE OF PRODUCTION + BATTLE OF ARMS = VICTORY. Some of the delegates are sitting, reading newspapers. Others are talking in a dozen different kinds of American, in the American of the flat prairie states, in the American of the seaboard cities; still others are talking in Italian, in Spanish. But the faces are the ordinary faces of America, the dark, blond, florid, colored faces of the people. The ballroom is decked with red, white, and blue flags.

I ask one question of delegates I pick out at random: "What do you think about this Browder case?" I ask.

A young man, dressed as neatly as a bank clerk, answers: "God Almighty. As a trade unionist it means a great deal in a test of civil liberties. It can spread to the trade unions generally."

A Spanish-speaking delegate with a peaked sallow face: "That's a what do you call—" He hesitates with his new American speech. "That's an unjustice case—that's not justice case. That's an unjustice case. That means to take out from the masses a man who can tell the truth to the people."

A round squirrel-like woman smiles as she replies: "He's a good husband and a good father. Don't you smile. That's important to a woman."

A Negro with a little mustache answers solemnly. "If I had my say I'd have him delivered and make him free. I'm from Washington, D. C. The bigges' majority got same opinion I got. It's right smart."

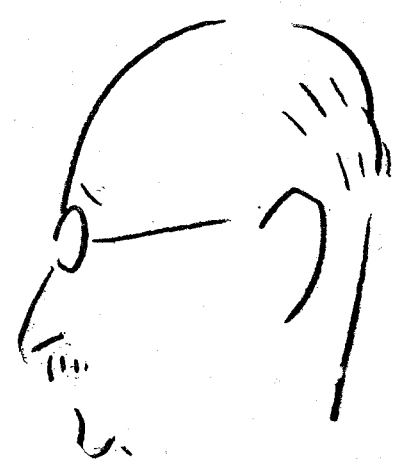
A man with an Elk's button in his lapel: "I feel he's getting a raw deal for what he's been put in jail for."

## *Some of the speakers and delegates*

*Attorney Leo Gallagher of California*

*Rep. Vito Marcantonio*

*Pres. Michael Quill of the Transport Workers Union*



*Daniel Howard, Chairman of the Connecticut Conference on Social and Labor Legislation*



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*Elizabeth Gurley Flynn*

*Warren K. Billings*

*Poet Alfred Kreymborg*

*Artist Max Weber*

*Judge Edward Totten of Minnesota*

A young fellow wearing a blue tie brighter than the blue in the flags: "He's a symbol to me as a teacher, as well as a practical exponent of humanity to human beings."

An old, weatherbeaten man with gnarled, worn hands. "I think it's the most damnable shame. I'm representin' the Oklahoma delegation for Freedom of Political Prisoners. I'm a retahed farmer from the northern part of the state. Browder was raised 200 miles right north of me."

*The speeches:*—The delegates lean forward. All the hundreds of chairs have been taken. They stop talking as the curtain, on the platform up front, parts and shows an enlarged giant drawing of the imprisoned man, a pipe in his mouth. As the ricochets of applause die down, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn speaks of Tom Mooney "who was taken from us while he was leading the fight for the freedom of Earl Browder." She asks the delegates to rise in a one-minute tribute to Tom Mooney.

The living rise to honor Labor's dead. The minute passes. They sit down and Warren K. Billings, medium of height, with the grace of a man who has used his body in skilled work, begins to talk. "It is not a question of whether he was a member of the Communist Party. It is not a matter of these things. The question is—why is it that the world's greatest anti-fascist must be kept in prison?"

Speech welds onto speech. Billings, co-prisoner with Mooney, is followed by Judge Edward Totten of Minnesota, a tall, pink-faced man with long silvery hair. He looks exactly like a Hollywood concept of an honest old-fashioned congressman, and he begins: "As an old-fashioned Jeffersonian Democrat who believes in equal and exact justice to all. . . ."

Dark-haired, slim Louis Weinstock of the AFL Painters reads statistics. At the first count there are 355 delegates from the CIO, 132 AFL delegates, eight independent labor union delegates, nine church delegates, fifty-one delegates from language groups, 151 delegates from professional, cultural, and other organizations. More delegates are still registering. In the end there are 1,458 delegates representing over 3,000,000 people.

The speeches continue and the richness and variety of the American continent and its diverse peoples come through. The National Maritime Union's vice-president, Frederick Myers, lifts a voice like a ship's siren: "It doesn't make sense to the men who sail the ships, the ships that are going out to sea without proper protection for life-rafts and no guns. And we wonder what's cookin'. We raise no conditions. We will still sail the ships, but why are our enemies allowed to pop off on the radio, and Browder—how come this man is still in stir? We ask, Mr. President, what's cookin', what's cookin'?" Mrs. Helen L. Duckett in springtime stripes, a Democrat from Philadelphia and a leader among the Negro people of her city, speaks like 40,000,000 housewives at first: "When I was eating my lunch or breakfast or whatever it was. . . ." Then, as she continues her voice becomes intense: "We are today to do what? We are today thinking in terms of releasing ourselves. Whenever they keep one in chains they keep all of us. We have seen Billings on this place today. Did Tom Mooney die for himself? No, he died for us. Now we don't all play or sing music. But we know what our ears like. And it would be a poor piano solo if one played on all the black keys or if one played on all the white keys. That would be just terrible. But we blend them all together. Discord becomes harmony."

Judge Totten smiles and says: "The watchword now is action. The password is together." And somehow the long line of American judges, who believed in equal justice for all, suddenly addresses the delegates.

Joseph Jurich, president of the International Fishermen of the West Coast, steps forward and the folk knowledge, the folk strength of another America comes through in what he says: "We fishermen know that we can catch masses of fish when they're confused, in our seine. We know if the fish go in one direction, if they become organized, they will break loose. The seine is weak. We know that we can break loose from red tape." A. Clayton Powell, Harlem minister and first Negro member of the New York City Council, begins with: "Enough enthusiasm today to all be Baptists." After the laughter dies down, he thunders out in Biblical utterances: ". . . the same hand that fired the *Normandie* . . . the same hand that hired the fascist Deatherage to supervise a Navy project . . . the same hand that keeps Earl Browder in prison tonight . . . that hand is American fascism and we the people must strike it down. The problem of Earl Browder is the problem of the 1,000,000,000 people of the whole world. . . . We want to make the world safe for tomorrow. . . ."

*Some more geography:*—There is still another kind of geography, the geography of the limitless spaces of the human spirit, a geography larger than time and nation and race, that holds within its borders a Sacco, a Debs, a Mooney, a Billings, a Herndon, a Browder. Borders? Who can bound the human spirit? Only perhaps with the north-south-east-west of justice-freedom-brotherhood-hope.

Free Earl Browder, Mr. President.

BENJAMIN APPEL.



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# THE WEEK IN REVIEW

## India's Decision

AS WE went to press, the working committee of the All-India National Congress was still debating Sir Stafford Cripps' proposal for dominion status with the right to complete freedom, and constitutional government after the war. It was therefore impossible to offer any definitive judgment.

Of course, it would be easy to point out a dozen disappointments in the British plan. The idea that India may be split up into a number of states seems to perpetuate the pernicious theory that India is incapable of unity; it is a concession to the so-called Moslem League, which, as anyone who knows India will tell you, does not even represent the Moslems. The fact that the Indian princes will handpick their delegates to the postwar constitutional convention is also distasteful; it opens the way to the nullification of the majority will by a reactionary minority. And the way the plan was presented, the way India was put on the spot, the way many American newspapers were talking about "India forfeiting American sympathy if she does not accept the plan" etcetera—this struck us as very distasteful also. After all, what is at stake is not only the future of India, but of England and all the United Nations, and the interests of all require that India be given an opportunity for full partnership in the war.

On the other hand, it is worth bearing in mind that most of the important objectionable elements of the plan lie in the future. Concessions to Moslem cliques and the princes are essentially future concessions. They would not mean much if the All-India National Congress and other progressive elements became strong enough in the course of the war, as they very well may, to collect on the "postdated check."

The real question, therefore, is what will happen in the present, not the future. India is in immediate danger. If Cripps has proposals making it possible to train millions of Indian youths, if barriers to industrialization will be removed, if such leaders as Nehru are brought into "real political power" as Chiang Kai-shek called it, and that happens quickly, these things will be decisive.

On this score Cripps is rather vague, which does not necessarily mean that he does not have concrete assurances. It is not just a question of who heads India's defense: Wavell might very well do that better than anyone else. Nor is it a question of displacing the Viceroy completely. It is a matter of who works with the Viceroy, and in what way. This is what the Congress seems to be debating, while the world waits and watches.

## Patents for Hitler

A GREAT many Americans are learning for the first time exactly why we have so little synthetic rubber and Hitler has so much. Because, they have finally been told, Standard Oil of New Jersey entered into a conspiracy with the German chemical trust, I. G. Farben. Under the agreement Standard turned over to the giant Nazi firm all patents for chemical processes involving the manufacture of synthetic rubber. Further, Standard agreed to abide by I. G. Farben's dictum that it would release neither its own nor the German trust's development in synthetic rubber to American companies. Still further, Standard supplied Hitler four years ago with its Butyl rubber process—*but refused to give it to the US Navy*. While withholding its patents from American companies, Standard was advising Italian firms to get them from their German allies. And when the American companies attempted to develop synthetic rubber processes, Standard threatened them with patent litigation. After 1939, when the Nazis had built a good store of rubber for themselves and permitted Standard to negotiate with other American companies, the American partner of I. G. Farben hampered and discouraged its competitors in every way possible. (During this time, Standard officials were also planning a partnership with Japan that would ensure postwar business for them—and were selling aviation gas to Italy over Secretary of State Hull's objections.)

This story, as told by Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold to the Truman committee, is not made less shocking by the fact that Standard entered into the agreement with I. G. Farben in 1929, before Hitler. For the agreement was renewed during der Fuehrer's time, and was designed to "operate through the term of the war whether or not the US came in," according to a memorandum by a Standard officer. In fact, even after Pearl Harbor the Standard Oil Co. was refusing to give the American government its improved process for making synthetic rubber —although Hitler had it.

Nor is it less shocking because Mr. Arnold tells us that Standard was not alone in limiting production through such arrangement—aluminum, magnesium, drugs, dyestuffs are also among the critical war materials restricted by cartel agreements. In 1941 the TNEC reported on these cartel arrangements, including Standard Oil's with I. G. Farben. A few newspapers and organizations have protested Standard's dealings with the Nazi firm. NEW MASSES carried an editorial on the subject in its issue of February 10 last. So the story is not entirely new. However, the government's action against Standard and Arnold's testimony to the Truman committee have publicized an intolerable situation. Now the company has been forced to pay a $50,000 fine and to release its patents and "know-how." However, the "consent decree" under which Standard agreed to do this leaves untouched the matter of the company's future relations with I. G. Farben.

It's a pretty safe bet that the people who are staying home to save tires, who deprive themselves of near-necessities that contain rubber—and who, above all, would die before doing anything that might possibly give Hitler an ounce of material to wage his horrible blitz—these people will hardly be satisfied with Mr. Arnold's charitable exoneration of Standard's motives as profit-seeking rather than Nazi hand-holding. When profit-seeking reaches the fanatical height of catering to a world enemy at the serious expense of America's war effort—well, what do *you* call it?

## Labor's Offensive

THINGS have grown a little quieter on the anti-production front. It took some forceful counter-attacks to quell the wild shooting of Representative Smith and his allies—but if they are not quelled completely, at least they have retreated somewhat. First they were forced back from their stand that labor was "limiting production" with the forty-hour week—labor and its friends proved that plants could run 168 hours weekly, provided only the usual time-and-a-half for overtime was paid. Then the assaults on the overtime pay had to yield before the record, which showed that this could not possibly hinder output. As for the attacks on labor "strikes," again labor itself and its friends pushed back the disrupters, answering their lies with the truth—that there had been practically no strikes in 1942, and that organized labor had voluntarily relinquished its right to strike for the duration.

A number of things contributed to the comparative—and perhaps temporary—lull in the blitz against unity. President Roosevelt took a stand against any legislation that would lessen the average pay for workers, as the Smith bill was designed to do. Donald Nelson, War Production Board chief, reiterated his conviction that the proposed measure would only harm labor and production. Most of all, leaders of organized labor fought back



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NEW MASSES

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★

the falsehoods, exposed the tactics of the violent, concerted attacks by professional labor-baiters. It was these leaders who first felt a perfectly natural, healthy suspicion that the whole campaign had been organized by forces less interested even in taking a crack at labor than in cutting down American war production. The very fact that it was a campaign of lies was enough to engender the suspicion. Then William Green and others turned up some curious facts about the "prairie fire" of pro-Smith sentiment, supposedly emanating from the Southwest—a fire which proved to be all smoke, generated by a small band of reactionaries which included at least one known America Firster. Investigators for the Truman committee have already started a little research into America First connections with the whole anti-production drive.

Smith is reported, at this writing, to be considering changes in his own bill which will "modify" it somewhat. Modification isn't enough. Any bill restricting labor at this time is completely unnecessary—as numerous government authorities have recently pointed out—and dangerous to morale and unity. Only complete exposure and routing of the forces behind Smith will keep production free of their evil interference.

## *Everything We've Got . . .*

ON THE production front it is anything but quiet. CIO leaders held their Extraordinary Conference in Washington March 23-24, highlighting labor's truly extraordinary activity on the immense sector of war output. However, it was not a review of past accomplishments but plans for the future which concerned the delegates. They considered all questions, all issues, in the light of how to win the war—*and how to win it this year*. It was in this spirit that the conference (which Bruce Minton discusses on page 15) strengthened and enlarged AFL-CIO unity by endorsing the Combined Labor's Victory Committee and planning for activity undertaken jointly with the AFL in support of the war. It called for "an immediate offensive against the Axis powers to achieve victory in 1942."

## While the Iron Is Hot

THINGS are moving steadily, and with an increasingly terrible tempo toward the great crisis of the war. You feel it in every radio and news report, in every important item, whether good or bad. Add up any number of events in the week: the Japanese advance toward the India frontier, Hitler's pressure on Bulgaria, the speech of Lord Beaverbrook here hammering away at the decisive character of the Soviet front, or the speech of the Soviet ambassador in London, Ivan Maisky, reiterating the ideas that Maxim Litvinov has twice driven home to us all. You feel it in the demonstration of 50,000 or more Londoners in Trafalgar Square last week, insisting on an offensive this spring. Or in President Roosevelt's order, as commander-in-chief, that our pledges to Russia be given first priority. April is here. Fighting before Leningrad, Smolensk, Kharkov is heavy. The big question mark is the Allied offensive on the continent, the offensive that could still distract Hitler from his anticipated middle Asian blow. *That is the issue of this spring.*

Axis strategy may have its surprises, but the main outline is clear. The Axis is trying to sever our communications with the Near East and Russia. That is the meaning of Japan's occupation of the Andaman Islands south of Rangoon, which are hopping off places to break up our lines to Persia and India. That is the meaning of the big air and sea battles off northern Norway and the port of Murmansk. Simultaneously Hitler prepares his big push, into the Near East as well as deeper toward the Caucasus. Bulgaria is being played off against Turkey. An agreement with Turkey to stand aside for a Nazi thrust against Syria, which would branch out to Iraq and Egypt, is a possibility. And in that the French fleet may still play its dirty role. Bulgaria's king has returned from Germany, and her Premier, Bogdan Philoff, came out with a big blast against "Bolshevism"; although the Bulgarian pro-fascists may not trust their own troops against the USSR, there's no doubt that they are yielding their country as a land base for the Black Sea drive. As Dorothy Thompson emphasized in a fine column last week, the Nazis know that the middle of the Eurasian continent is the key to the war. For this, they are striking this spring and summer.

AGAINST such crucial perspectives, what are we and the British doing? The fight for communications goes on. Every freighter, every tanker, every seaman plays a part. From all newspaper reports, the British are living up to their pledges of aid to Russia. But thus far, the United States lags behind. There must be a major scandal among the underlings in the lend-lease setup, in the Maritime Commission, in the Army, and among certain manufacturers if the President himself has to call their attention to our pledged word. British commandos made a daring raid against the largest shipbuilding and submarine port on the Atlantic coast last week, at St. Nazaire. Harbor installations were smashed, a destroyer loaded with dynamite (incidentally, among the fifty we gave the British eighteen months ago) was exploded in the harbor gates. It was a great raid in the great tradition. It shows what can be done when the will is there.

And it is a token of what is needed. To hold the Middle East? Yes, planes and men are needed there, but the best way is to divert Hitler's spring plans, to divert him to the West, and to squeeze him from both sides. To defend the British Isles? Yes, essential. But not by sitting on the island. The best defense of Britain is by fighting on the Continent. To land on the Continent is not only to help Russia; it means to force Hitler to fight on the soil he has conquered. It means to fight for England—for all the United Nations—as close to Germany as possible. To defend China and Australia? That, too, is essential. We must send all possible supplies, we must organize aggressive action. But it must be realized that *this spring* the best way to halt Japan is to knock Japan's ally out of the war by combining our forces with those of our strongest, immediately powerful allies. To ship our materials to Russia? By all means, as we pledged. But in addition to use those materials for matching what the Russians have done, by supporting the British and joining with them to open fronts at Hitler's rear.

AMERICANS are ready for the offensive. Not for words, but for action. They are producing, and will steadily produce materials for this offensive, but they want the materials we have to be used most wisely. The spirit of the Englishmen at Trafalgar Square is what we need—a concerted campaign to get action in the decisive theater of the war. April, May, June—these are the months of the great decision. As Miss Thompson says, if we do the right thing, concentrate our forces, match our strongest allies, "We shall win the war this year. It won't necessarily be over, but it will be won. And it will be won all over the world. . . ."



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While the conference was taking place, Daniel Tobin, head of the AFL's International Brotherhood of Teamsters, made a radio speech in which he stressed labor unity and the common program of AFL and CIO in war production. And the AFL's 5,000,000 members had this to say, in a full page newspaper ad appearing March 30: *"We are giving this job everything we've got! We will stick to this job, come hell or high water, until this war is won! That is our pledge to America!"* Here is organized labor's answer to the fifth and sixth columns. It is expressed in deeds by everyday cooperation—with the government, with fellow-workers, with management in joint councils. To meet this cooperation, to utilize it most effectively, a place must be made for labor's full participation in all war production agencies, from the WPB to state, regional, and local boards.

## Cheers for Wallace

THE distinction between the fifth and sixth columns becomes academic in the case of Martin Dies. Actually, as Vice-President Wallace said last week, "The effect on our morale would be less damaging if Mr. Dies were on the Hitler payroll." Dies' distortions and slanders "might as well come from Goebbels himself so far as their practical effect is concerned." By hiding under the cloak of false patriotism, Dies "is a greater danger to our national safety than thousands of Axis soldiers within our borders." And Hitler knows that better than anybody else.

The Vice-President performed a patriotic service by hitting out so strongly at the fuehrer from Texas. We can no longer tolerate this "deliberate and dishonest effort to confuse the public." Dies has been verbally rebuked before. Now he must be stopped cold. The American people expect their government to take all necessary measures to silence Dies. One way to do it is to deny him the funds he is now seeking to continue his subversive activities.

Everything Mr. Wallace said about Dies also holds true for the Rapp-Coudert committee, New York's replica of the Dies group. A bill to extend the life of this committee is now up before the Albany assembly. Significantly, the newspapers last week reported that the law firm of Coudert Brothers was the attorney for the Vichy government in the purchase of a new consulate on Fifth Avenue. Sen. Frederic C. Coudert, Jr., of New York's little Dies committee, is a member of this firm. New Yorkers should remember Wallace's warning that "it is the solemn duty of all patriotic citizens to fight the enemy within our gates." Let them speak to their representatives at Albany in the sharp language of our Vice-President.

## It Goes Without Saying

TO NEW MASSES: It goes without saying that I am heartily in favor of Earl Browder's release. There is not a reasonably active man in America today who has not committed graver infractions of our multitude of conflicting laws. He was singled out for unfair treatment because of political opinions, and the President would be doing a fine thing for America if he dished out to Browder a share of the freedom for which we all are fighting.

ELLIOT PAUL.

Culver City, Calif.

## The Right to Vote

TO NEW MASSES: While other people have been testifying before a Senate committee on the Pepper bill to abolish the poll tax in federal elections, I would like to get in a word too on this subject. I speak from experience, living as I do in the state of Tennessee where the right to vote depends on whether you have the cash. Luckily, I've always had it. Not only that, I have been able sometimes to "treat" less fortunate persons to a trip to the polls. On at least two occasions they asked me for the money telling me how they intended to vote, and I didn't ask. It was enough for me that they wanted intensely to exercise a right granted in the Constitution and stolen from them by an artificial device. It gives me a particularly sardonic feeling, therefore, when these poll-tax demagogues in Congress rise to rant about the Farm Security Administration "paying the poll tax" for poor people. The implication in their speeches is that the FSA has indulged in a covert form of vote-buying, for the benefit of the administration. What it *has* done, actually, is to loan the money to pay poll taxes that have "accumulated" for years and must be paid before the man who owes them can vote. The FSA does this on the perfectly logical grounds that security, to be real, must include the ability of an American citizen to function as a citizen—i.e., to vote. It is exactly the same logic under which I proceeded when I provided the wherewithal for some individuals to vote—no matter for whom, but to *vote*. I don't know a better reason for turning out the poll-taxers—by passing the Pepper bill—than the demonstration they are now giving of their "divine right" attitude in regard to their offices.

J. P. A.

Nashville, Tenn.

## Cliveden Postscript

TO NEW MASSES: I hope it is not too late to mention a point in connection with Bruce Minton's excellent expose of the Washington Clivedeners in your February 24 issue.

This point has to do with one of our reactionaries down here in Georgia, L. W. "Chip" Robert. Minton gives a lot of data on him, but he missed a good item—Chip's part in the reeking trials of Dr. Walter D. Cocking, one of Georgia's better educators and one of the few really qualified research men in the state university in the field of education. The Cocking episode is of course nearly forgotten in the wake of war news these days, but it will serve to point out the caliber, if more evidence is needed, of those Minton rightly assails.

Let me quote Dr. Cocking himself, in his factual account of the second "trial," the one at which he was ousted from the Georgia schools. It is just after the final vote of the packed Board of Regents —ten to five against Cooking:

"And then, as the crowning mockery to the whole ridiculous and degrading spectacle, Regent L. W. 'Chip' Robert pulled from his pocket a document already prepared and typed in advance and introduced it before the regents for immediate adoption. The document . . . demonstrates . . . completely the farcical aspect of the so-called hearing, and shows beyond a shadow of a doubt the predetermined decision of Governor Talmadge's majority on the board . . ." [of which Robert was one].

This document, obviously handled in advance of any trial evidence by Robert, ended up by profusely thanking fascist-minded Governor Talmadge, et al., for their "valuable assistance" to "the people generally of the state of Gorgia and to the generations to follow," for their part in the trial.

In view of Robert's obvious lineup with local reactionaries it is not surprising but somewhat alarming to note his graduation into the "higher" society of Washington's Cliveden set.

R. S.

Gainesville, Georgia.

## First Things First

TO NEW MASSES: It seems hardly necessary today to urge American aid to the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and China, to which I might add the Netherlands. There can be few, if any, citizens of the United States who do not realize the imperative necessity of doing everything possible for those countries. The admonition of General Smuts at the close of the first world war: "In time of international difficulty for the old slogan 'To the battlefield' let us substitute the new slogan 'To the conference table,'" is the ideal for which we must work. But first of all we must give validity to the conference table by the defeat of the powers that would substitute brute force for the sanctity of treaties.

MARY E. WOOLLEY,
*Former Pres., Mt. Holyoke College.*

Westport-on-Lake Champlain, N. Y.

## Mooney and Browder

TO NEW MASSES: I am saving Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's "Farewell, Tom Mooney" to show my baby son when he gets old enough to read and understand it. And for far more important reasons than that I, an Irishman, was struck by the peculiar appropriateness of an appreciation of Mooney appearing in the issue of NEW MASSES dated March 17, and written by one of our greatest descendants of Ireland. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's picture of Mooney was such a *human* picture—in death he was more alive to me than at any time when he was actually living, although he seemed very much alive then too. It means a great deal to America that this man, who suffered so long and unjustly in prison, yet kept faith with democracy and risked the little remaining life of freedom granted him in order to fight for the freedom of another great democrat. Tom Mooney's work on behalf of freeing Earl Browder should be a burning example to all of us.

JAMES BANNIGAN.

New York City.



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# "DAWN BREAKS"

***A new novel by a refugee writer whose books were on the first Gestapo blacklist. The tactics of Slovakia's underground fighters.***

THE other day an exiled German writer said to me, half in jest: "You know, we refugee authors sometimes get a curious feeling. In Germany, before 1933, we had a wide reading public; our works were discussed; even our individual mannerisms were topics for debate in the literary journals. But here in America we sometimes feel that you have only our word for it that we are writers. You generously accept us on faith, but there is an air of unreality in our relation because you have not read our books. And that is one reason why we are so eager to be published here. We want to show that we *are* writers, after all."

At first I was tempted to reply with soothing evasions. I was going to say that American readers were acquainted with the work of Lion Feuchtwanger, Heinrich and Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig, and a few others. I was at the point of mentioning that magazines like *Commune* and *International Literature* had given some of us at least glimpses of progressive European writing. But all that seemed a little beside the point. The truth is that we have in the United States and in Mexico today scores of celebrated writers whose real talent is unknown to American readers. That their previous work went untranslated was a whim of the gods of editorial and publicity offices. A handful of sure-fire sellers like Emil Ludwig or Andre Maurois has given us the illusion that we were really in touch with continental letters or the literature of exile.

Rescuing writers from French and German concentration camps was a humanitarian deed, but as the same writer told me: "While we appreciate and never shall forget the humanitarianism of those Americans who helped us to freedom, we have another conception of our debt. We like to think that we were rescued in order that we might use our energies in the war against Hitler. Suffering we can endure; we have learned in a hard school. What we cannot endure is idleness in the anti-fascist fight. We are not idle; we are writing with all our strength. But to write our hearts out against Hitlerism and not to reach an audience is the cruelest form of idleness."

One remembers these words after reading F. C. Weiskopf's *Dawn Breaks* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce; translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden; $2.50). For here is a work that makes you realize what a tremendous fund of talent we have in this country as a consequence of Hitler's cultural pogrom. It sharpens your desire to see more and more works in translation, and I for one look forward eagerly to

*F. C. Weiskopf*

the publication of a second book by Weiskopf, *Danube Waltz,* later this year. The earlier books of this German-Czech novelist were well known not only in Czechoslovakia but throughout Europe. He won the *Herderpreis,* the "highest award for cultural understanding between nations." With his compatriots he stubbornly resisted Munich and its aftermath. No wonder that his name was, as the publishers tell us, on the first list of the Gestapo when the Nazis marched into Prague in 1939.

This story of Slovakian resistance under the Nazi occupation is prefaced by two quotations. One is by Georg Buchner: "To punish the oppressors of mankind is merciful; to forgive them is barbarism." The other is by Thoreau: "Only that day dawns to which we are awake." These are more than eloquent words. The decision which they express permeates the action and characterization of *Dawn Breaks.* If a work like Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down* leaves some ground for dissatisfaction with the treatment of the conquered-conqueror relationship, Weiskopf's novel does not. It gives a sense of disciplined planning by the Slovakian resisters, a sense of struggle that is all the more effective because it is patiently organized. It suggests the clashing elements in the Nazi and native fascist forces. It is the first novel, so far as I know, that shows the merging of the Eastern Front with the guerrilla fighting at the Nazi rear.

One cannot speak of a central character so much as a group of characters closely linked in a common fight. The most striking figure is Anna, who leads the anti-fascist unit of Raztoky village. The future asserts itself through her. Anna's husband has been brutally murdered by the Nazis, but her child moves within her body, quickening, coming to life. It is Anna who has distributed the leaflet appealing to "Mothers of Soldiers Who Do Not Know What They Are Fighting For"—a good leaflet, and all the older women were wearing mourning kerchiefs as it had asked them to do. It is Anna who is the contact with Karel, organizer of the underground in the province. She is portrayed with great affection. She is a modest heroine of our time reminding us constantly of the Soviet women whose deeds are chronicled in the dispatches. Endless resources of courage and tact are required in the fight; and she does not fail. When, as part of her assignment, she goes to work as housemaid in the Nazi headquarters, we see her turning away from the officers "afraid her face might betray the hatred that felt bitter as poison on her tongue." Altogether human and altogether plausible, Anna captures our imagination.

Peter Novomesky, though less clearly realized, is also a figure out of life. Peter's background is middle class. His father was a teacher who had hanged himself when the great lords sold the land to Hitler. The student Peter had taken more positive measures of resistance. When we meet him, he has just been released from a concentration camp. Long months in prison had been degrading, and Peter resolved to keep out of activity when he got out, to fetch his breath, to be simply a man. He had "done his share." But the reason for his momentary hesitation, that is, the desire to be a man, is also the reason for his decision to renew the fight, and it is interesting to see how he is again caught up in the movement, working and fighting by the side of the spirited Anna.

Other characters suggest the varied composition of the anti-fascists. Ivan Shipko is a folk figure, an older man who recalls how the outlaw heroes of tradition like Stefan Vavrinec had taken from the rich and given to the poor. Karel is the hard-headed underground functionary who at first awakens Anna's suspicion and then wins her complete confidence. The old forester Dano Ligat wants to show that he too can contribute something to the fight, but he acts as an undisciplined terrorist and is destined to be consumed by the same



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fire into which he has thrown his victim.

These people are sketched with remarkable speed. The pace of the story is its most notable technical achievement. All the action is drawn tightly and quickly toward the final scene in which the Nazi officer corps is stormed by the guerrillas. At the same time, one never feels that this is to be a foolhardy act born of desperation or false heroics. The meeting of Anna and Karel in the woods, the unit discussion which literally and symbolically takes place underground, the patient study of the available forces and the character of the objective —these build up rapidly, but convincingly too. Optimism is grounded in reality; it is generated by struggle. To the East there is the rumble of victorious cannon; in the rear there is the rumble of a vastly aroused people.

Nor is there any doubt about what is at stake. Hideous are the Nazi deeds. There is an unforgettable scene, characteristically brief, in which the women of Modrany are forced to plow up the Jewish cemetery, but the women return in the night to restore peace to the dead. There are suggestions of the bloody and indiscriminate reprisals by which the Nazis vainly hope to stifle opposition. And, counterposed, there are hints of the ingenuity of the people, of the workers, for example, who damaged the howitzer barrels they were making unwillingly: "Of course you know that the workers now have their lunch right in the shop, ever since the lunch hour was cut down. They sit right down under their machines. Well, whenever they drank their beer, they simply blew some of the suds down the white-hot gun barrels. It was child's play. It leaves no trace, but the barrel is never the same again. The steel cools unevenly and unevenly cooled steel cannot withstand the stresses set up by the expanding gases at every firing." We may agree with the Nazi officer who bragged about finally catching on that the device was clever.

By the time the Nazis catch on, the underground has no doubt exploited four new devices. They will catch on to this book too—like a mad dog in flight catching on to a bayonet in his back.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

## Escape from Escape

THEY ALL HOLD SWORDS, *by Cedric Belfrage. Modern Age Books. $2.50.*

IT IS a pleasure to meet Cedric Belfrage, who in telling you about himself celebrates the English middle class at its best—that liberal middle class that breaks with the reactionaries and pitches in to defeat Hitlerism at home and abroad. In his last book he designated himself as an "escapologist" but today he has "escaped from escape," moving into a vivid consciousness of a democrat's responsibilities.

He was born in London's fashionable West End; born, that is, a "gentleman," who primed until manhood for the task of running the whole works. But this samurai infant turned out to be more sensitive and humane than had been intended. He rebelled against the reactionary politics and repressive personal morality of his family and his teachers. That far from public institution, the English public school, where a rich boy could be birched on his bare back, was designed to turn out those brutal young fops who volunteered as scabs during the British General Strike. And at Cambridge or Oxford, where a young man was locked up every night until he was twenty-three or so, the caste differentia of snobbery and inhibition were acquired. But the depression affected the income and ideas of many of these young men. Cedric's father was a highly successful doctor, who by close application to each morning's *Times* had identified himself with the most privileged. But the younger Belfrage was sick of being a "toff." He went to seek his fortune in a revolutionary new industry called "the films" after moving to the United States. Today he is an American citizen.

His has been in many ways the typical immigrant experience. The giant figure on Bedloe's island meant something analogous to the young man in his Saville Row pin-stripe and to the peasant fleeing from European tyranny. Yet the democratic liberties which are a part of the American credo have also been won by the English people over tedious centuries. Today both great democracies unite to defend those liberties. Cedric Belfrage, the man of the middle class, was really leaving behind him only that small clique which once seemed able to dictate the politics, morality, and culture of the British nation. Today all of England is leaving them behind.

MILLICENT LANG.

## Our Filipino Allies

CRISIS IN THE PHILIPPINES, *by Catherine Porter. Knopf. $1.50.*

THE PHILIPPINES: *A Study in National Development, by Joseph R. Hayden. Macmillan Co. $9.*

IT'S A sad reflection on most of us that Americans are discovering the significance and importance of the Philippines at a moment when the islands face Japanese conquest. But it will not be too late, if a real understanding of the problem helps to prepare a new day in the relations between the United States and the Commonwealth, and its integration in a liberated Asia. It is the merit of both of these books that they focus the problem: Miss Porter's is brief, factual, and intensive, intending to pry a bit beneath the week's headlines: Dr. Hayden's work is a tome, some 900 pages, the fruit of his own experience as vice-governor of the Philippines in the middle thirties.

Just a few contrasts give a sense of how intricate the problem is: the Philippines are a nation of some 16,000,000, larger than many a better known European people, yet still in a semi-colonial status. Most of the people are of Malay origin, and mostly peasants; the strong Chinese minority is almost



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exclusively composed of merchants, as elsewhere in southeast Asia; and then there is the large Japanese minority in the Mindanao Island to the south. Tagalog is the official national language, but it is spoken largely in Luzon; almost half the population speaks Bisayan, among some eighty-seven other tongues. And intertwined is the four-century-old Spanish culture, on top of which comes the last forty years of American influence. Predominantly Roman Catholic, there is also a national Aglypayan Church. In the southern islands Mohammedan influence is predominant; and the nominal rule is in the hands mostly of American Protestants.

Wealthy in iron and mineral resources, the Philippines do not, however, have their own coal for steel production; neither have they found oil. Basically agricultural, rice is the main crop, but more has to be imported to sustain the 6,000,000 tenant farmers. The cash crops are sugar and coconuts (for their oil) which depend almost wholly on the vicissitudes of the American market, competing with native American crops as well as Cuban sugar.

Established as a commonwealth in 1935, with independence promised in 1946 (a pledge which President Roosevelt recently reaffirmed), the United States did little to build defenses for the islands; but since they were not yet on their own, the Filipinos looked to the United States for protection, a circle which has now been cut across by Japanese invasion.

So the Philippines present complex problems. Miss Porter does not suggest solutions; she merely poses and documents the issues. Dr. Hayden is deeply moved by the emergence of the Philippines as a nation, and despite a somewhat patronizing benevolence, his attitude is progressive, and he looks toward independence of the islands, with American assistance in the difficult transitional period. The war now dissolves all the unresolved problems. Both authors agree that, while some small circles may cooperate with the conqueror, the mass of the people will carry forward their struggle for independence, with all the courage and militancy of a four-century-old tradition.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

## Another War

THE PERILOUS NIGHT, *by Burke Boyce. The Viking Press. $2.75.*

GENESEE FEVER, *by Carl Carmer. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.*

THE hero of *The Perilous Night,* if the book may be said to have one, is Asa Howell, a middle-aged Hudson Valley farmer of some substance. The lives of his children create romantic interest aplenty, but the real story is that of Asa's development from a somewhat lukewarm adherent of the patriot group to a sober-minded and enduring believer in the War for Independence.


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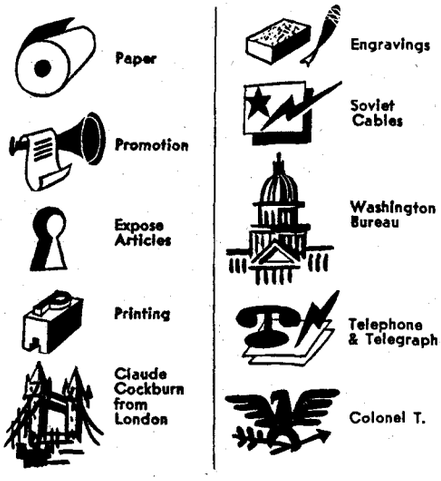


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There is nothing very dashing about that story. Because of his age, his position as a producing farmer, and the need for a home guard, Asa stayed on the farm while the battles were fought elsewhere. Asa's war was the day-by-day, unglamorous morale-sapping war on the home front, where Tory bandits did their raiding. But while others in the valley might dance around liberty poles, raid Tory farms, and rebel when the struggling Continental army requisitioned *their* precious farm animals and crops, Asa was a sound enough farmer to know that good grain does not come up overnight without hard work, and that this was "a crop a vast deal bigger than corn." For the sake of that crop, he sacrificed many things: three of his four children, several of his friends, and all his former prosperity.

To find out what the crop looked like after it had been up for about five years, we move on to *Genesee Fever,* and a pretty disappointing crop it seems at first sight. As early as 1794 a cleavage had already developed in the new nation between the Federalists and Republicans, and the bankers and shipowners of the East Coast put down the Whiskey Rebellion by force of arms. Nathan Hart was a Pennsylvania schoolmaster and wagon painter who joined the whiskey rebels. He had, therefore, to escape to the undeveloped Genesee County in York State, landing in one of those backwaters of American culture, populated by rather weird people, that Mr. Carmer presents so amiably and expertly.

Most weird of all is the Public Universal Friend, a once-beautiful, theatrical religious maniac, who tried to found a community of brotherly love, no marriage, and great devotion to herself within the peaceful confines of what is now Steuben County. The principal result was that the Friend found herself feuding with everybody. She defeated even the sensible Nathan, when he fell in love with one of the followers and tried to make her think of marriage and suchlike indecent matters. But the great enemy was Capt. Charles Williamson, the agent for the land company that was developing that part of the state. He was in favor of all sorts of dreadful secular pleasures.

The Friend, however, was not the only one who considered Captain Williamson an enemy. There were all the boatmen, small farmers, and artisans, fighters and sons of fighters in the Revolution, who resented the captain's efforts to turn the Genesee Country into a "gentlemen's paradise." They recognized disruptive, strong-arm tactics when they saw them: a group of not-very-bright German colonists, led by a slick opportunist named Berezy, didn't get anywhere with their perpetual revolts and speeches about "rights" and intrigues with Canada. But the people were equally distrustful of the captain when he named his towns after high-falutin' foreign cities (that's where Bath, Geneva, and Lyons come from), imported gentlemen, with their slaves, from Maryland and Virginia, gave high-class balls,


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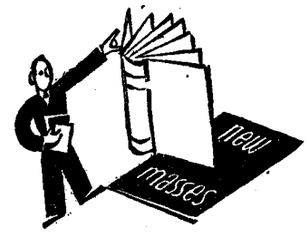


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NEW MASSES is being sued for $1,000,000 by Mr. Cromwell. If NEW MASSES should lose this suit no periodical or newspaper would be able to speak out. Legal precedent would be established to curtail the freedom of the press. And not only is freedom of the press involved, but something much more. If the "Cliveden Set" cannot be exposed by the friends of unity, the whole national effort is impaired.

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and talked about the beauties of aristocracy generally.

Nathan, among these cross-currents, was accepted by the gentry because he was a painter, and was the champion of the Democratic-Republicans because he had been a whiskey rebel. Although he was sometimes fascinated by the elegances of refined life, he was never far from his beginnings on the side of the rights of man. And when he married his disturbing, straightforward Indian girl, he made it pretty clear where he would stand in the coming fight for democracy in the Genesee Country.

SALLY ALFORD.

## Music—Then and Now

MUSIC COMES TO AMERICA, *by David Ewen. Thomas Y. Crowell. $3.*

VARIOUS books have treated of certain aspects of music development in America, but never before has such a comprehensive, analytical, and entertaining story been written of this cultural phenomenon as in *Music Comes to America.*

Musical beginnings in America were feeble enough. In 1730 a certain Miss Ball, "lately from London," advertised lessons in "singing, playing on the spinet, dancing, and needlework." "Hatton, a popular concert pianist of the 1840's," would perform a number depicting a sleigh ride. At the right moment he would shake his leg, to which sleigh bells had been attached. The Germania, an orchestra of the fifties, performed, between Mozart and Beethoven, " 'The Railroad Gallop,' during which a toy locomotive was made to run in a circle on the stage, puffing smoke."

The dramatic struggle to overcome this musical naivete is engagingly recounted. We are made to realize our indebtedness to such pioneers as Theodore Thomas, Leopold Damrosch, Franz Kneisel, and a host of others who labored to bring us out of the musical wilderness.

Mr. Ewen gives us always the social and economic setting for each stage of our musical development. He carries us right on up through the first world war, the succeeding boom period, and the depression, to the present streamlined dissemination of music via super-orchestras and the radio.

Mr. Ewen leaves the reader no room for smugness. The last chapter, "A Final Word," contrasts the $1,000,000,000 setup of our music "industry" with the lot of the individual musician. The unhealthy nature of private patronage is pointed out, and government sponsorship of the arts is urged.

The author does not affect the patronizing attitude toward the American composer that is shown by certain critics. "There can be no denying the American character of most of the music produced by the more gifted composers in our country today. It differs sharply in spirit and context from anything that has been imported from Europe during the last decade."

REGINALD FOWLER.

## Brief Reviews

CONVOY, *by Quentin Reynolds. Random House. $2.*

Quentin Reynolds knocked out these chapters of reminiscence on a twenty-day convoy trip from Halifax to Liverpool. It's an unpretentious, chatty thing, touching upon a disordered variety of people Reynolds has met and places he has seen in his fifteen years as newspaper and magazine writer. There are notes on Billy Bishop, flying ace of the first world war, George Lamaze, chef; Black Gold, a race horse; Mickey Walker and Tony Canzoneri; deep sea fishing; Harry Stevens, the hot dog king; Nazi youth, and so on.

Reynolds has a feeling for the color and temper of places and people and his feature stories in *Colliers* have helped a vast mass of readers to take the measure of the monumental struggle the Soviet people are carrying on against the Nazis. When he finds the time to mold these experiences into a book, it will be more satisfying than this quickie.

DAYS OF CREATION, *by Willy Ley. Modern Age. $2.75.*

The author of *The Lungfish and the Unicorn* has attempted to write the story of creation in light of the biblical legend. Sections of Genesis are quoted and an effort is made to show the interconnection between the accepted scientific story of evolution and the creation of the world in seven days. This attempted link forces Ley to look upon man as merely another wonder in the universe instead of a direct outgrowth of quantitative and qualitative processes. The book doesn't read easily. It was written for the lay reader, but there are far too many displays of scientific erudition and technical language to persuade the layman to continue. Its real contribution is a fascinating account of the employment of tools by mammals other than man. This section is minus technical minutiae and the cases cited make exciting reading.

NORWAY, NEUTRAL AND INVADED, *by Halvdan Koht. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.*

DR. KOHT, Norway's foreign minister during the period of the German invasion, relates the steps leading up to the violation of his country's neutrality by Germany and gives an account of the struggle against the Nazi oppressors. He proves the falsity of Germany's contention that she occupied Norway to prevent its becoming a *place d'armes* for Great Britain.

Dr. Koht describes the German methods of "pacification of the population"—the elevation of traitors to authority, like the already proverbial Quisling, the imprisonment of elected officials, editors, and university directors, the murder of trade union officials, and the indiscriminate slaughter of innocent people in so-called reprisals. The author pays tribute to the Norwegian people's unbroken resistance. In describing the organization of the Norwegian navy and merchant fleet—second largest in Europe—to serve against Germany, Dr. Koht particularly acknowledges the splendid work of the Norwegian Seamen's Union.



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# RIFFNECKS MAKE GOOD

***A famous group of jazz players take their jam sessions to the concert hall. . . . Joy Davidman on humor that ought not to be.***

A SERIES of jazz concerts is being presented at New York's Town Hall; direction, Eddie Condon; promotion, Ernest Anderson. The first, on February 21, was labeled "A Chiaroscuro Jazz Concert" and the program notes included some doubletalk by Milt Gabler. Now Gabler is famous in jazz circles as the owner of the Commodore Music Shops, co-editor of *Hot Discography*, and the issuer of some fine records called "Commodore Classics in Jazz"—but it's all a mistake, if we're to believe Milt. "Half the time I don't get what's happening myself," admits Milt in the program notes. "How can I expect him (Milt is referring to 'a friend') to recognize a good version of 'Muskrat Ramble,' if the other half of the time I don't know whether it's 'Muskrat Ramble' or 'Da Da Strain,' excepting by this time I've heard 'Muskrat' at least a thousand different times and after a couple of bad guesses get it right by asking some guy in the band. I generally know the name of the tune because I request it."

After that introduction, perhaps the boys in the band were justified in stalking around with their backs to the audience, essaying hot dance steps in the inept manner peculiar to hot dance musicians, and laughing or talking in groups as one performer after another played his solo. Perhaps they were reacting to the strange circumstance of finding themselves on the platform of Town Hall and were defiantly proving that to them it was just another date, another joint. There must be some explanation; they don't behave like this ordinarily. Nor has Town Hall (or any other hall!) seen such "directing" as Eddie Condon gave. Instruments were called in by pokes in the back, sleeve pulling, hoarse whispers, and to avoid any misunderstanding, shouted instructions like "Pee Wee is taking this one!" or "Zutty's got the first ending!"

Does it sound like a mess? It wasn't. No amount of fancy writing or strange doings could prevent musicians like J. C. Higginbotham, Joe Sullivan, Zutty Singleton, "Lips" Page, and Bobby Hackett from giving out with jazz that isn't at least pretty good. Those boys have been around a long time, they know their instruments well enough not to have to think about them, and as Gabler has certified, they've played most of the numbers a thousand times.

But it didn't end there. Enough moral and financial support encouraged the impresarios to continue the concerts at two-week intervals, and when the third concert came off (March 21), the music was better than "pretty good." Considerably better. Gone was the horseplay, the mugging, the defiance; gone even was the "directing." A sober, restrained Eddie Condon industriously plucked away at his guitar and a group of sincere musicians seriously explored their talents. The audience too had changed. Intellectually curious individuals who had been tipped off to a good thing took the place of the gaspers and the yawners. And they were rewarded with some of the best jazz ever played.

Soloists reached new peaks of performance: Earl Hines played dazzling piano, Zutty Singleton produced so much *music* from his drums the audience again and again burst into applause, and Oran "Hot Lips" Page played the most flexible, the most imaginative, the most exciting trumpet I have heard in many years. But what was truly miraculous was the creation of a *genuine jam session* by the three mentioned above together with Edmund Hall on clarinet, Al Morgan on bass, and Benny Morton on trombone.

Jam sessions are frequently advertised at so-much per admission—but collecting a group of musicians and telling them to "jam" does not create a jam session. If my name were Webster, I would say that in its natural state, the jam session is a spontaneous eruption of jazz produced by individual musicians in the act of coming together in mutual admiration, exhilaration, and wonderment. Stimulated by each other's improvisations, they attempt to surpass the other's achievements until finally they are supplementing and blending in completely ecstatic harmony. Only rare musicians can rise to the occasion—and the occasions are rarer still. This occurrence on the platform of a concert hall in full view of a thousand listeners is a testimonial to the musicians, the listeners, and the atmosphere generated at the Town Hall Jazz Concerts.

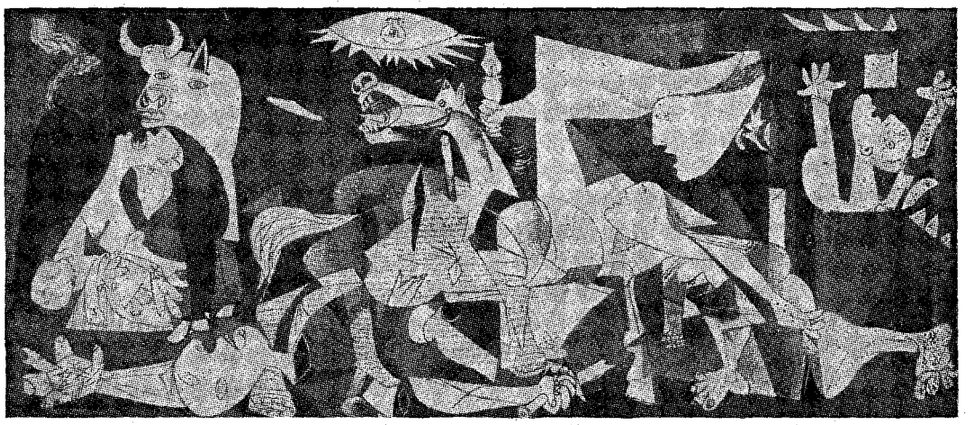
Assuming that the series will go on and on, some suggestions are in order: more varied programs—to date, only the "New Orleans" and "Chicago" styles have been heard; new musicians—the drummer "Kansas" has been the only new face introduced; arrange for broadcasts; adjust admissions; while the present scale of seventy-five cents and $1.50 is not high as concert admissions go, some thirty-five-cent seats should be put at the disposal of the kids who are the next generation of jazz musicians.

ELLIOTT GRENNARD.

## Tragic Laughter

***The Jack Benny film makes horseplay of suffering.***

TWO demands may be made of any work of art; that it accomplish its purpose, and that its purpose be worth accomplishing. *To Be or Not to Be* fulfills the first of these with considerable skill. It sets out to be fantastically funny about Nazis in conquered Warsaw, and funny it is, in spite of implausibilities, heavy-handed moments of commentary, and occasional descents into rather raw farce.



*Refugees recently arrived from France tell the following anecdote about Pablo Picasso, famous Spanish anti-fascist artist, who carries on his work in Paris despite the Gestapo. One of the Gestapo officers visited a Parisian art gallery, where his attention was called to a copy of Picasso's "Guernica" (reproduced above). The "kultured" officer did not know who Picasso was, but he instructed his adjutant to bring the painter of "this insolent picture" to him. When Picasso arrived, the officer pointed to the "Guernica" and demanded furiously, "Did* YOU *do this?" Picasso looked at the painting for a moment, then at his inquisitor. "No," he said very gently: "*YOU *did it."*



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—EARL BROWDER.

**THE COMMUNIST**

**April Contents**

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There is, admittedly, nothing remotely probable in its story of how a troupe of Polish actors circumvents the Gestapo. There is still less probability in its portrait of the Gestapo —a set of comic German accents, popping eyes, and bad jokes. In the flirtations and fooleries of the actors, however, *To Be or Not to Be* achieves genuine wit and even extracts a fairly restrained performance from Mr. Jack Benny.

The film has, moreover, its flashes of sincerity and tenderness. The camera sweeps silently over a bombed Warsaw street, lingering on the pathetic broken shop fronts; Felix Bressart, as a wistful spear-carrier who dreams of playing Shylock, breaks your heart with the famous speech: "Hath not a Jew eyes?" A single Gestapo agent emerges as a figure of cold, quiet terror—in the deft hands of Stanley Ridges, who, in his unobtrusive way, is one of the best character actors alive. Unfortunately the other Gestapo men work too hard at being funny to find time to do anything else, and the effective camera study of the Warsaw bombings is marred by a blatant commentator, newsreel style.

Yet for the most part *To Be or Not to Be* is well done; the late Carole Lombard, with an adroit performance, gives it an added tragic charm. There remains the ticklish question of whether it should have been done at all. Is it good sense or good taste to minimize the Nazi danger by portraying Nazis as clowns? On the contrary, it may be a childish sort of escapism, which pretends the enemy isn't really there. Even more to the point, is it decent humanity to make the sufferings of Warsaw an occasion for a horse laugh?

Something may be said in defense of the horse laugh. It's a good thing to keep your sense of humor even during a war, as long as you do not make laughter a substitute for action. Nor is humor about tragedy always unfeeling—there is a wry sort of grin once called by the Germans *Galgenhumor,* the laugh of a man with a noose about his neck, and this, at its best, *To Be or Not to Be* sometimes achieves. But while it is honorable to laugh at your own danger, it is vile to laugh at another's. The people of London can make all the jokes about bombs they please; they have earned the right to. Humility should keep those who are still untouched from joking about Warsaw.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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1935—November 19; 1936—October 20, November 3; 1937—February 23, March 2, 9, October 12, November 2, 16; 1938—March 15, March 22, 29, April 12, September 20; 1939—May 2, 16, August 29, November 28; 1940—April 2, July 23, September 3, October 22; 1941—February 11, 18, August 12.

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## GOINGS ON

**PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS** by Barbara Giles, New Masses editor, Sun., April 5, 8:30 P.M., Workers School, 35 E. 12 St.



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# PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

## April

2-4—Workers School, Spring Registration, 35 East 12th St.

3—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings, Meridel Le Sueur, on Loggers in Minnesota, commentators Ben Appel, Alvah Bessie, Phil Stevenson, 237 E. 61st, 8:30 P.M.

3-30—Exhibit of paintings loaned by stars of stage, screen and radio, benefit British, Chinese and Russian War Relief, Demotte Galleries, 39 East 51st.

4—New Theater Center, Chez Liberty Cabaret, Floor Show, 135 W. 44th St., 9 P.M.-2 A.M.

4 — Saturday Forum Luncheon Group, Forum on various phases of defense, prominent speakers, Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. & 50th St., N. Y. C.

5—NEW MASSES Art Auction, afternoon and evening, begins at 3 P.M.—ACA Gallery.

8—Joint auspices, American Artists Congress, United American Artists, Forum, Civilization Under Siege, Blake, Kuniyoshi, Ward, Myers, etc., Webster Hall, 8 P.M.

8—Council on African Affairs, Paul Robeson, Pearl S. Buck, Dr. Max Yergan, others, Manhattan Center, 8:30 P.M.

10—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings, Harry Granick, "Small Hero and the War Between," commentators Alex L. Crosby, Isidor Schneider, Muriel Draper, chairman, 237 East 61st, 8:30 P.M.

11—American People's Chorus, International Night Series No. 2, USSR night, folk songs and dances in costume, Victory Room, Irving Plaza, 15th St. and Irving Pl., N. Y. C.

12—NEW MASSES, Rally for Defense of New Masses and Freedom of the Press, distinguished speakers, distinctive entertainment, Manhattan Center, 2:30 P.M.

12—Lower West Bronx Russian War Relief, Concert and Dance Recital, William Howard Taft High School, Bronx, 8:15 P.M.

13—The Protestant Magazine, Victory meeting, a Te Deum to celebrate heroic achievements of Russia's fighting people, pageant, speakers, singers, Carnegie Hall, 8 P.M.

13—Writers School Spring term, special courses, National Defense, Morris Watson, Alex Crosby. Write for details, Writers School, 381 4th Ave.

14—Musicians Group of Friendship House, Recital, WQXR quartet, Benefit Allied War Relief, 35 East 62nd, N. Y. C.

18—School for Democracy, Concert, "In Time of Battle—Music for Victory," Town Hall.

25—Peter V. Cacchione Association of Bklyn., 1st annual ball, program. Hotel St. George, Brooklyn.

## May

2—Allaben Acres, Reunion & Dance, place to be announced.


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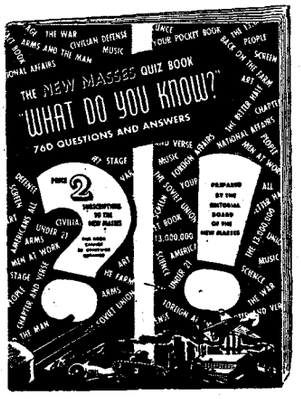


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What is the truth of the relationship between the KKK and the Ford Motor Co.? Who is financing Smith and his fascist "Committee of One Million"? What about the financial acrobatics of Coughlin's *Social Justice*, which got $136,000 from unidentified sources to meet its annual deficit?

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